ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES

NO. 26

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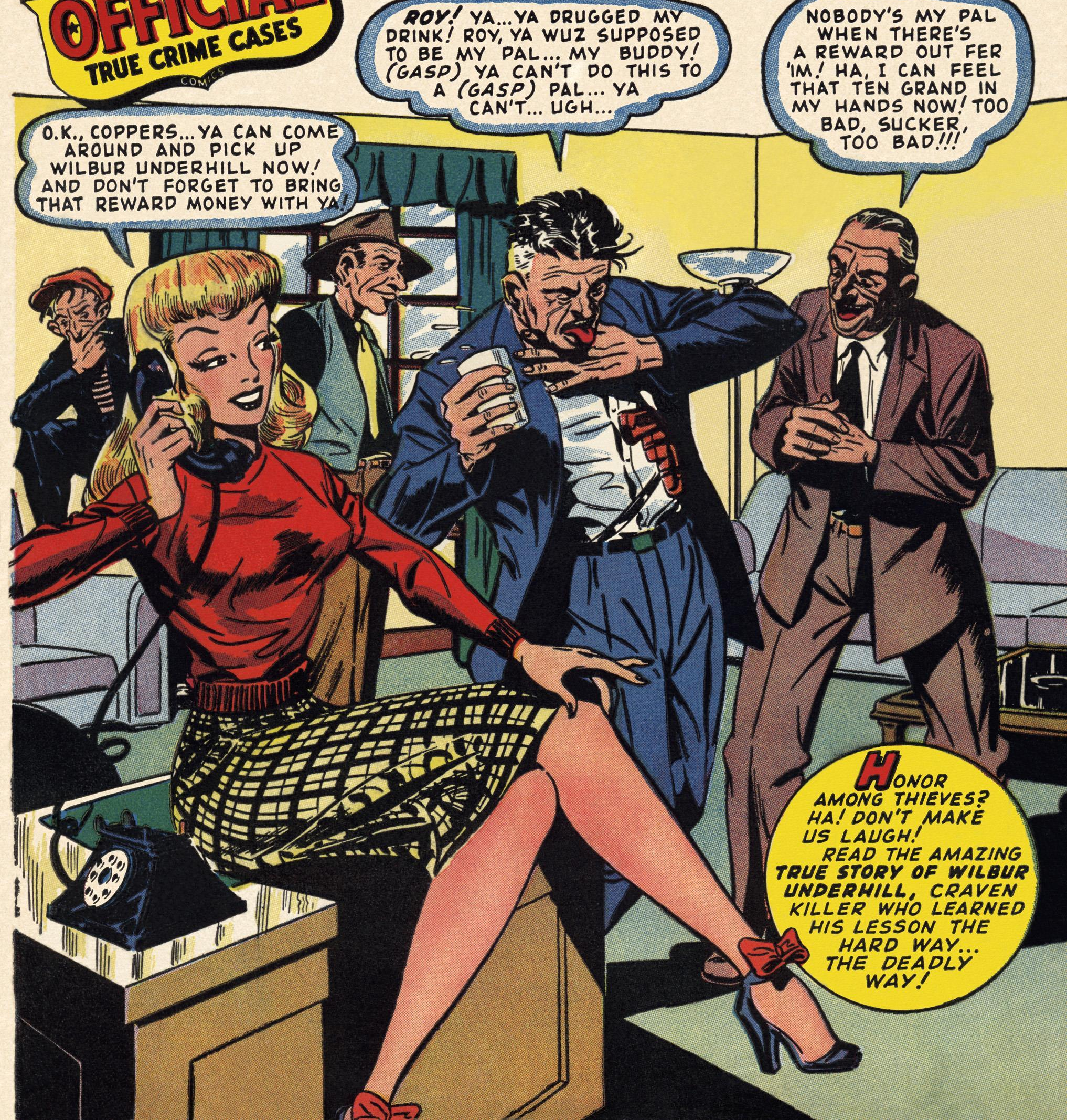
Formerly OFFICIAL TRUE CRIME CASES


O.K., COPPERS... YA CAN COME AROUND AND PICK UP WILBUR UNDERHILL NOW! AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING THAT REWARD MONEY WITH YA!
ROY! YA...YA DRUGGED MY DRINK! ROY, YA WUZ SUPPOSED TO BE MY PAL... MY BUDDY! (GASP) YA CAN'T DO THIS TO A (GASP) PAL... YA CAN'T... UGH...
NOBODY'S MY PAL WHEN THERE'S A REWARD OUT FER 'IM! HA, I CAN FEEL THAT TEN GRAND IN MY HANDS NOW! TOO BAD, SUCKER, TOO BAD!!!
HONOR AMONG THIEVES? HA! DON'T MAKE US LAUGH! READ THE AMAZING TRUE STORY OF WILBUR UNDERHILL, CRAVEN KILLER WHO LEARNED HIS LESSON THE HARD WAY... THE DEADLY WAY!

WHILE THEY LAST

☆ ALL BRAND NEW ☆

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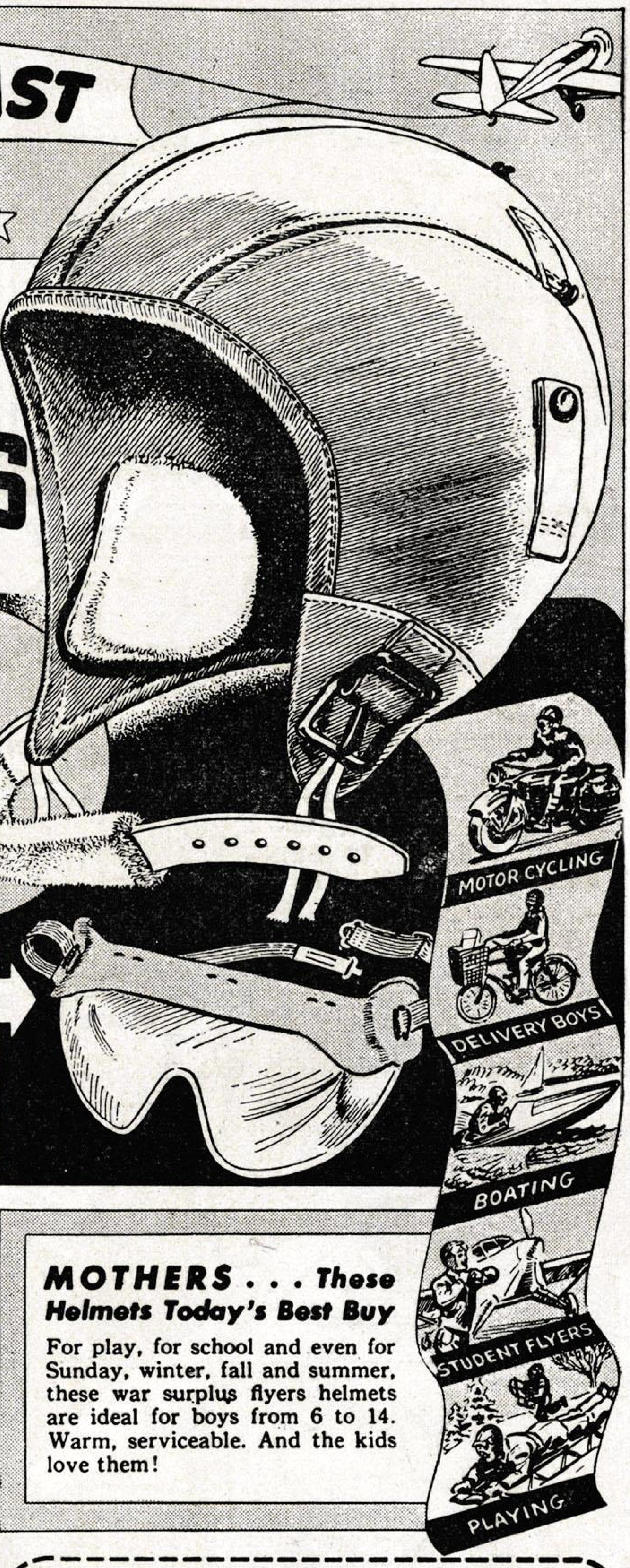

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Send the genuine war surplus U. S. ARMY AIR FORCE FLYERS HELMET, gift goggles and Bar Compass. On arrival I'll pay postman $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee I must be satisfied or I may return in 10 days for money back. (Send $1.00 money order with this coupon and Miller pays postage.)

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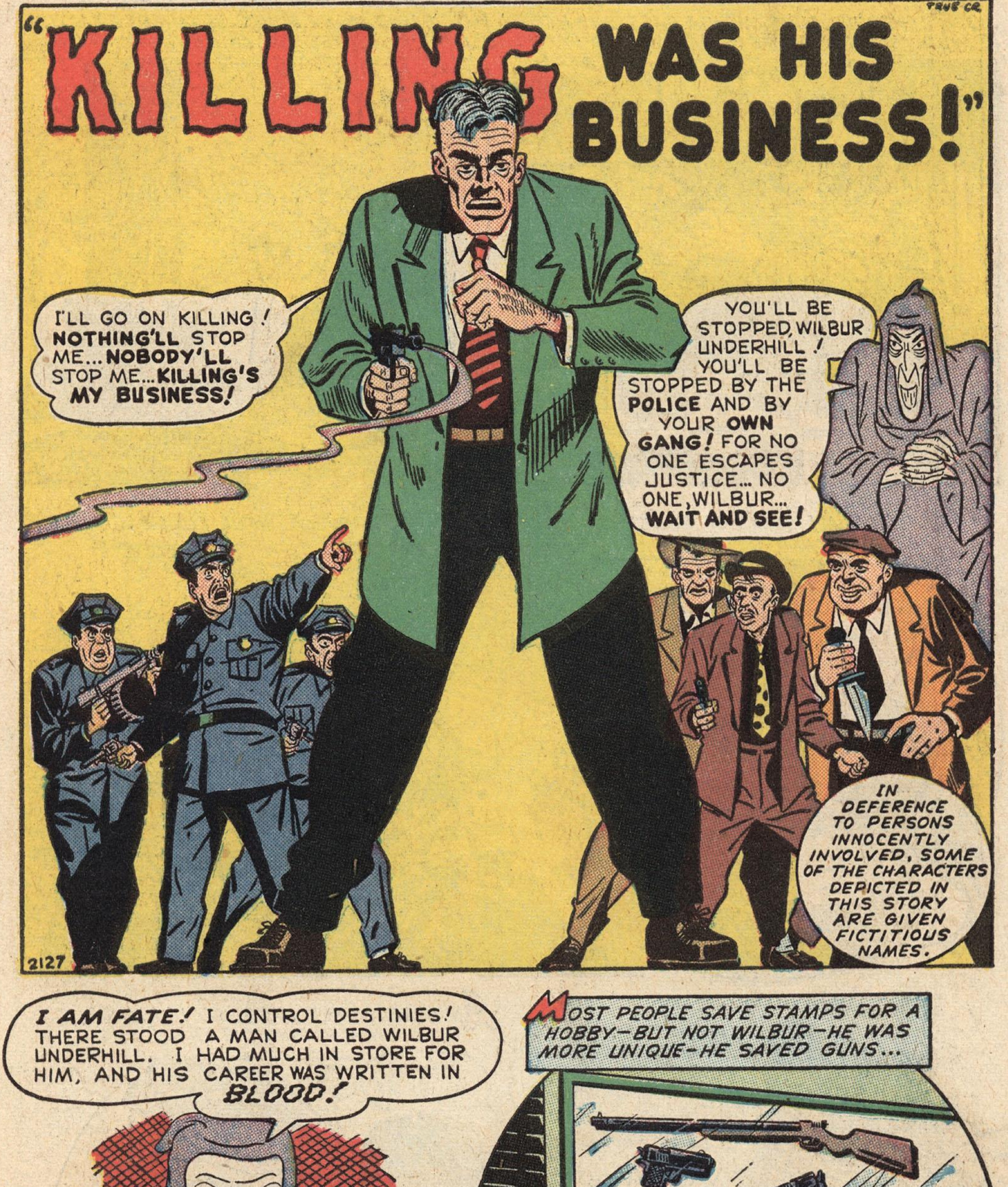
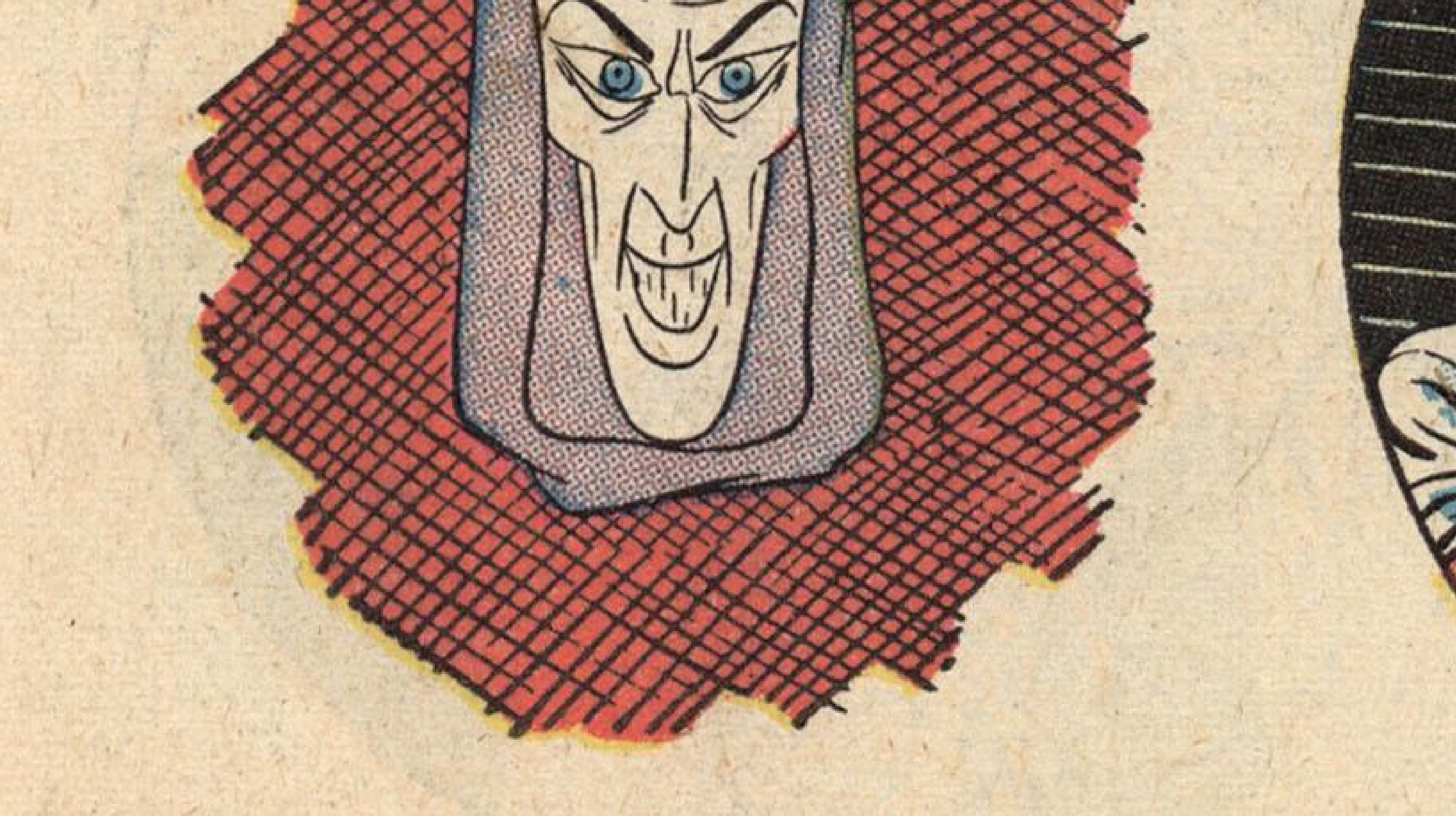
CRIME CAN'T WIN

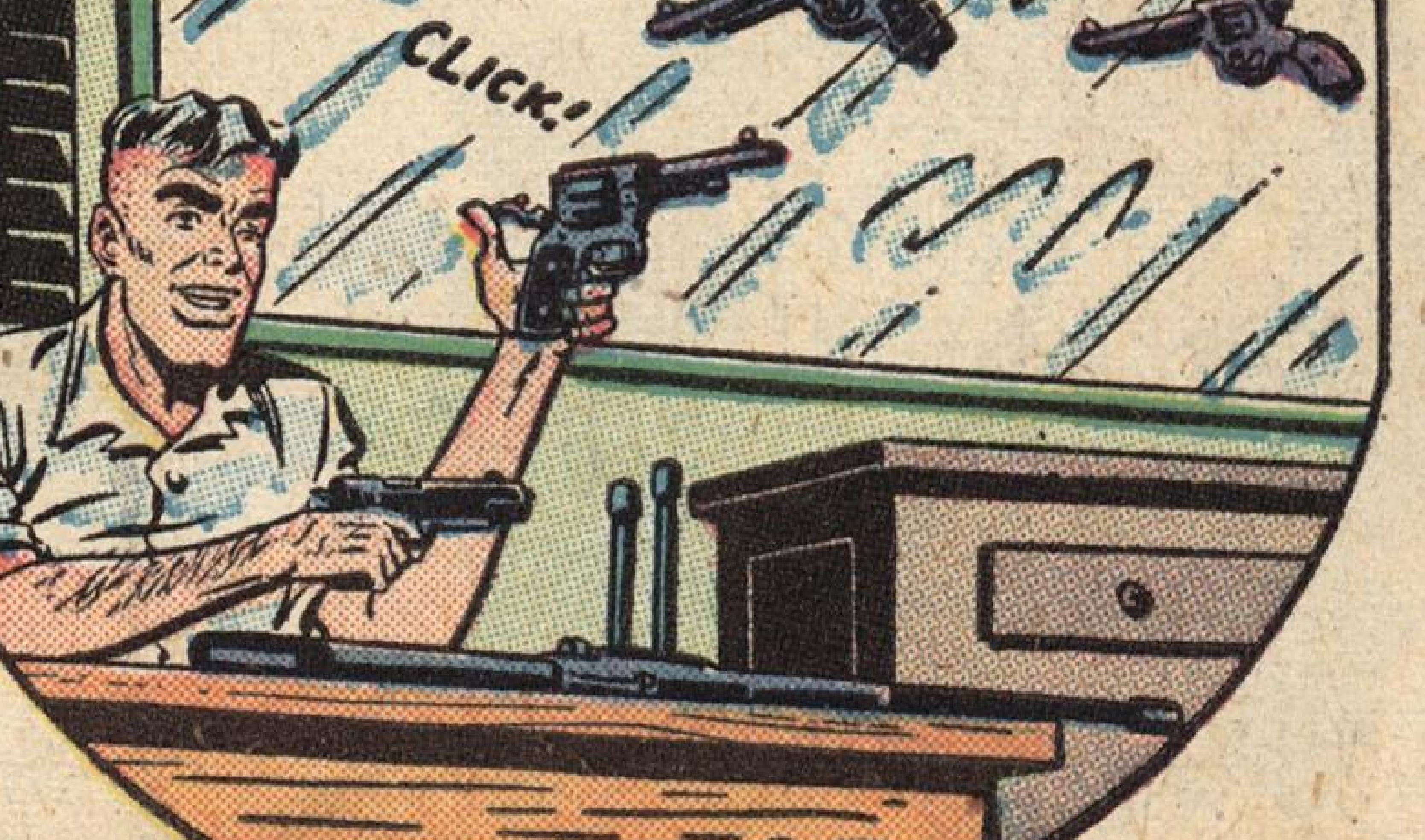
"KILLING WAS HIS BUSINESS!"


TRUE CR.
I'LL GO ON KILLING! NOTHING'LL STOP ME... NOBODY'LL STOP ME... KILLING'S MY BUSINESS!
YOU'LL BE STOPPED, WILBUR UNDERHILL! YOU'LL BE STOPPED BY THE POLICE AND BY YOUR OWN GANG! FOR NO ONE ESCAPES JUSTICE... NO ONE, WILBUR... WAIT AND SEE!
2127

IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.


I AM FATE! I CONTROL DESTINIES! THERE STOOD A MAN CALLED WILBUR UNDERHILL. I HAD MUCH IN STORE FOR HIM, AND HIS CAREER WAS WRITTEN IN BLOOD!

MOST PEOPLE SAVE STAMPS FOR A HOBBY—BUT NOT WILBUR—HE WAS MORE UNIQUE—HE SAVED GUNS...



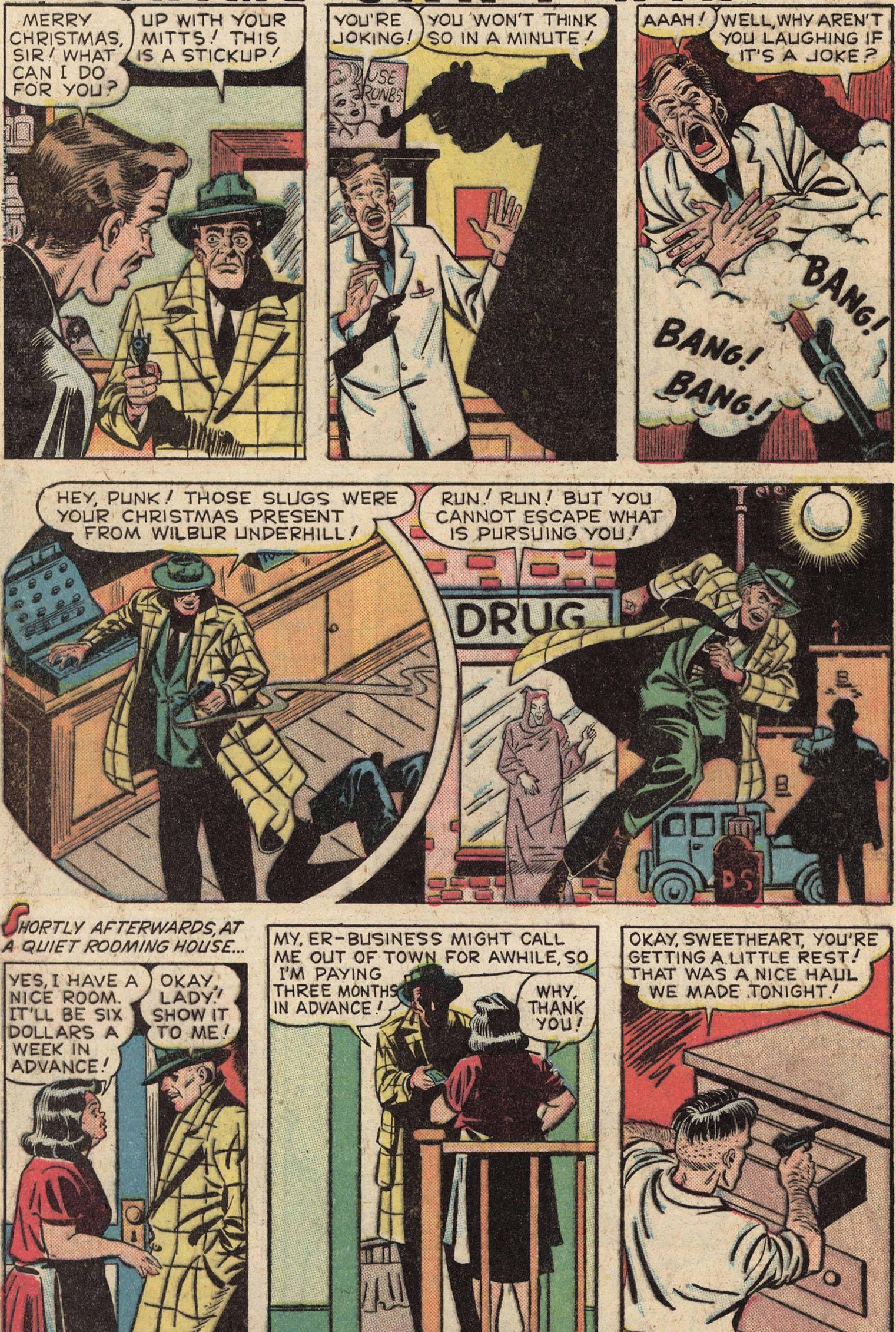
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

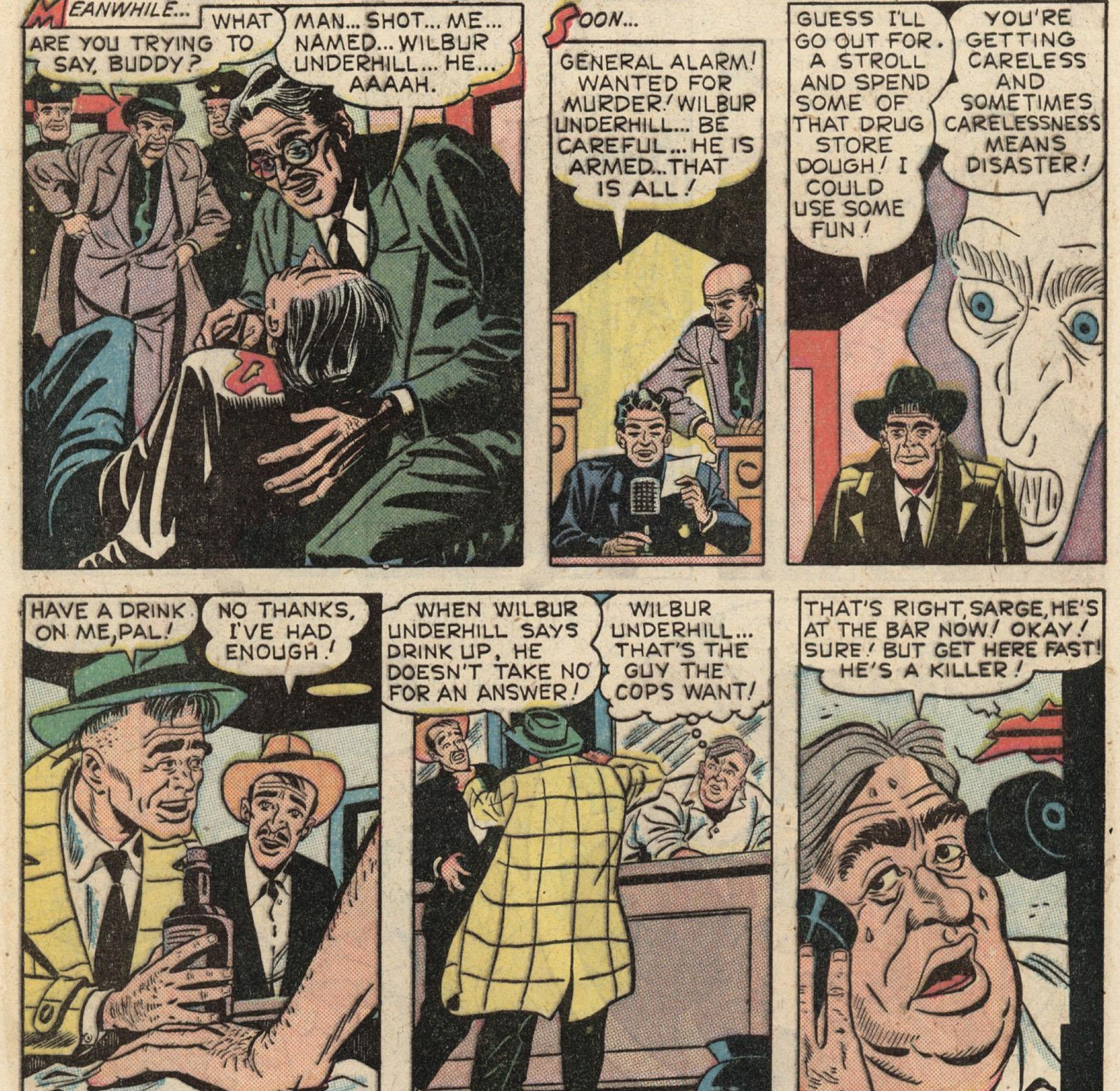
...he LOVED HIS GUNS WITH A PASSION—HE PLAYED WITH THEM LIKE A MAN WITH A PACK OF CARDS!
HE SPENT MANY HOURS IN TARGET PRACTICE, USING A TREE FOR AN IMAGINARY MAN...
HE USED ALL KINDS OF GUNS—FROM A MACHINE GUN...
TO AN EXTRA-POWERFUL LUGER...
AN UNDERWORLD HANGOUT, IN PICHER, OKLAHOMA, DURING THE EARLY 20'S...
...AND THAT LUGER—REMEMBER THAT LUGER—"SWEETHEART" HE CALLED IT—FOR, I, FATE, HAD IT PLAY A SPECIAL ROLE IN HIS LIFE!
C'MON, WILBUR!

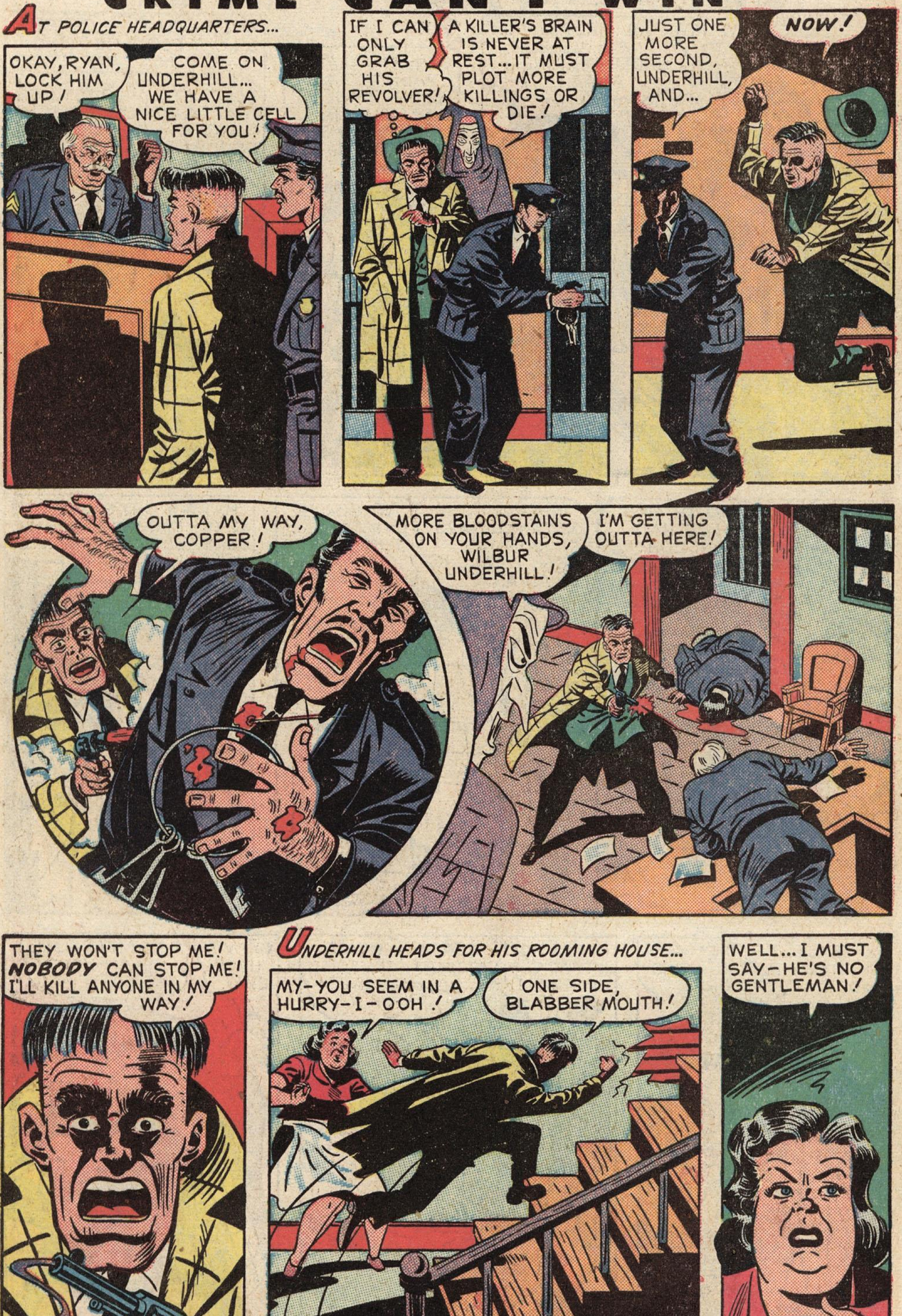
TIME TO GO... YOU ALL READY?
YEAH—ME AND MY SWEETHEART, HERE! WE'RE READY!
LISTEN, UNDERHILL, NO SHOOTING! WE'RE JUST DOING A HI-JACKING JOB!
AHH, RELAX, ROY! IT'S MY PARTY! ANYBODY NEEDS PLUGGING, SWEETHEART DOES IT NEAT!
AND SO BEGAN THE DRAMA OF A NEW CRIMINAL CAREER! WILBUR UNDERHILL HAD BEEN LAUNCHED ON HIS FIRST CRIME!
TAKE YOUR CRIME WHERE YOU FIND IT, WILBUR, FOR I KNOW HOW YOUR STORY WILL END!
LATER...
HERE SHE COMES, WILBUR... REMEMBER—NO SHOOTING!
OKAY, OKAY—WE'LL JUST SCARE 'EM WITH SWEETHEART!
OKAY, YOU TWO! NO TRICKS!
HI-JACKERS!
INTRA-STATE TRUCKING
LIC. NO. 3746
YOU DIRTY RAT—I'LL BLAST YOU!
SHUT UP!
ONE SIDE, UNDERHILL!
HUH?
I'LL KILL HIM! I'LL KILL HIM! HE RECOGNIZED ME! HE CALLED ME BY MY NAME!
DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP—WE HAVE TO SCRAM! WE'LL HOLE UP!
BANG! BANG!

UNDERHILL WENT INTO HIDING FOR A FEW WEEKS...
THIS ISN'T FOR ME! I BEAT THE RAP! THE DRIVER WAS AFRAID TO SING. SURE... HE KNOWS ABOUT ME AND SWEETHEART!
YOU ARE RIGHT, WILBUR UNDERHILL. NOTHING WILL COME OF THIS— BUT YOUR MARCH UP THE LADDER OF CRIME MUST CONTINUE!
SWEETHEART, YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH WITH THIS PENNY-ANTE STUFF! NO MORE HI-JACKING! NO MORE KNOCKING OFF FILLING STATIONS! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE **BIG TIME**!
LATER... NOW WILBUR UNDERHILL IS IN CRIME'S ELITE CIRCLE. THESE MEN ARE FOUNDERS OF A DREAD GANG!
GIVE ME A CHANCE, BOYS! I'M GOOD, I TELL YOU!
WHAT CAN WE LOSE? LET HIM GO ALONG ON THE JOB!
SOON AFTERWARD, IN AN OKLAHOMA TOWN...
OKAY, HERE IT IS, BOYS! MOVE FAST! DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!
RIGHT!
OKAY!
INSIDE THE BANK...
GRAB THE DOUGH FAST!
NOBODY MAKE A MOVE!
COME ON— LET'S GO!
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. I DON'T LIKE THIS GUARD'S FACE!
THAT'S IT, WILBUR! LET'S BRANCH OUT INTO MURDER!
HA! HA! **THIS'LL** CHANGE YOUR FACE, GUARD!
4

LATER—AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...
WHY DID YOU DO IT, UNDERHILL? I WARNED YOU ABOUT SHOOTING!
I LIKE TO SHOOT!
YEAH, BECAUSE OF YOU, THIS CAN WIND UP IN A MURDER RAP!
SO WHAT? KILLING'S MY BUSINESS! I'LL GO ON KILLING!
NOT AROUND US YOU WON'T! TAKE YOUR CUT AND GET OUT!
YEAH! AND DON'T CROSS OUR TRAIL, OR WE'LL DO THE KILLING!
FROM HERE OUT, I WORK ALONE!
YES, WILBUR UNDERHILL, ALONE... YOU WILL LIVE ALONE... AND YOU'LL DIE ALONE! BUT NOW YOU MUST HURRY! YOU'VE WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU AND THE TIME GROWS SHORT!
SOON UNDERHILL'S SHARE OF THE LOOT WAS GONE...
SWEETHEART, WE HAVE TO MAKE SOME DOUGH—YOU AND ME!
YES, YOU NEED MONEY, AND PERHAPS YOU CAN TAKE A LIFE! THEN YOU WILL BE IN ALL YOUR GLORY!
THAT NIGHT...
DO YOU KNOW TONIGHT IS CHRISTMAS EVE? THIS IS A NIGHT FOR MEN OF GOOD WILL, NOT KILLERS WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS!
LOOK AT THE SUCKERS! CHRISTMAS EVE! IT DON'T MEAN A THING TO ME EXCEPT THAT THESE STORES WILL BE LOADED WITH DOUGH!
THIS JOINT MUST BE ROLLING IN DOUGH! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
DRUG STORE


MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
UP WITH YOUR MITTS! THIS IS A STICKUP!
YOU'RE JOKING!
YOU WON'T THINK SO IN A MINUTE!
USE RUNBS
AAAH!
WELL, WHY AREN'T YOU LAUGHING IF IT'S A JOKE?
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
HEY, PUNK! THOSE SLUGS WERE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM WILBUR UNDERHILL!
RUN! RUN! BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE WHAT IS PURSUING YOU!
DRUG
DS
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT A QUIET ROOMING HOUSE...
YES, I HAVE A NICE ROOM. IT'LL BE SIX DOLLARS A WEEK IN ADVANCE!
OKAY, LADY! SHOW IT TO ME!
MY, ER-BUSINESS MIGHT CALL ME OUT OF TOWN FOR AWHILE, SO I'M PAYING THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE!
WHY, THANK YOU!
OKAY, SWEETHEART, YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE REST! THAT WAS A NICE HAUL WE MADE TONIGHT!
6


MEANWHILE...
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, BUDDY?
MAN... SHOT... ME... NAMED... WILBUR UNDERHILL... HE... AAAAH.
SOON...
GENERAL ALARM! WANTED FOR MURDER! WILBUR UNDERHILL... BE CAREFUL... HE IS ARMED... THAT IS ALL!
GUESS I'LL GO OUT FOR A STROLL AND SPEND SOME OF THAT DRUG STORE DOUGH! I COULD USE SOME FUN!
YOU'RE GETTING CARELESS AND SOMETIMES CARELESSNESS MEANS DISASTER!
HAVE A DRINK ON ME, PAL!
NO THANKS, I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
WHEN WILBUR UNDERHILL SAYS DRINK UP, HE DOESN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!
WILBUR UNDERHILL... THAT'S THE GUY THE COPS WANT!
THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE, HE'S AT THE BAR NOW! OKAY! SURE! BUT GET HERE FAST! HE'S A KILLER!
NO SENSE GETTING EXCITED, MAC! HAVE A DRINK!
IMAGINE THAT PUNK REFUSING TO DRINK WITH ME! WHAT A LAUGH!
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S UNDERHILL!
REACH, KILLER!
WHAT? SOMEONE SQUEALED ON ME!
OKAY! I HAVE HIM!
YAAAH! YOU'LL NEVER HOLD ME, COPPERS!


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
OKAY, RYAN, LOCK HIM UP!
COME ON UNDERHILL... WE HAVE A NICE LITTLE CELL FOR YOU!
IF I CAN ONLY GRAB HIS REVOLVER!
A KILLER'S BRAIN IS NEVER AT REST... IT MUST PLOT MORE KILLINGS OR DIE!
JUST ONE MORE SECOND, UNDERHILL, AND...
NOW!
OUTTA MY WAY, COPPER!
MORE BLOODSTAINS ON YOUR HANDS, WILBUR UNDERHILL!
I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
THEY WON'T STOP ME! NOBODY CAN STOP ME! I'LL KILL ANYONE IN MY WAY!
UNDERHILL HEADS FOR HIS ROOMING HOUSE...
MY-YOU SEEM IN A HURRY-I-OOH!
ONE SIDE, BLABBER MOUTH!
WELL... I MUST SAY-HE'S NO GENTLEMAN!

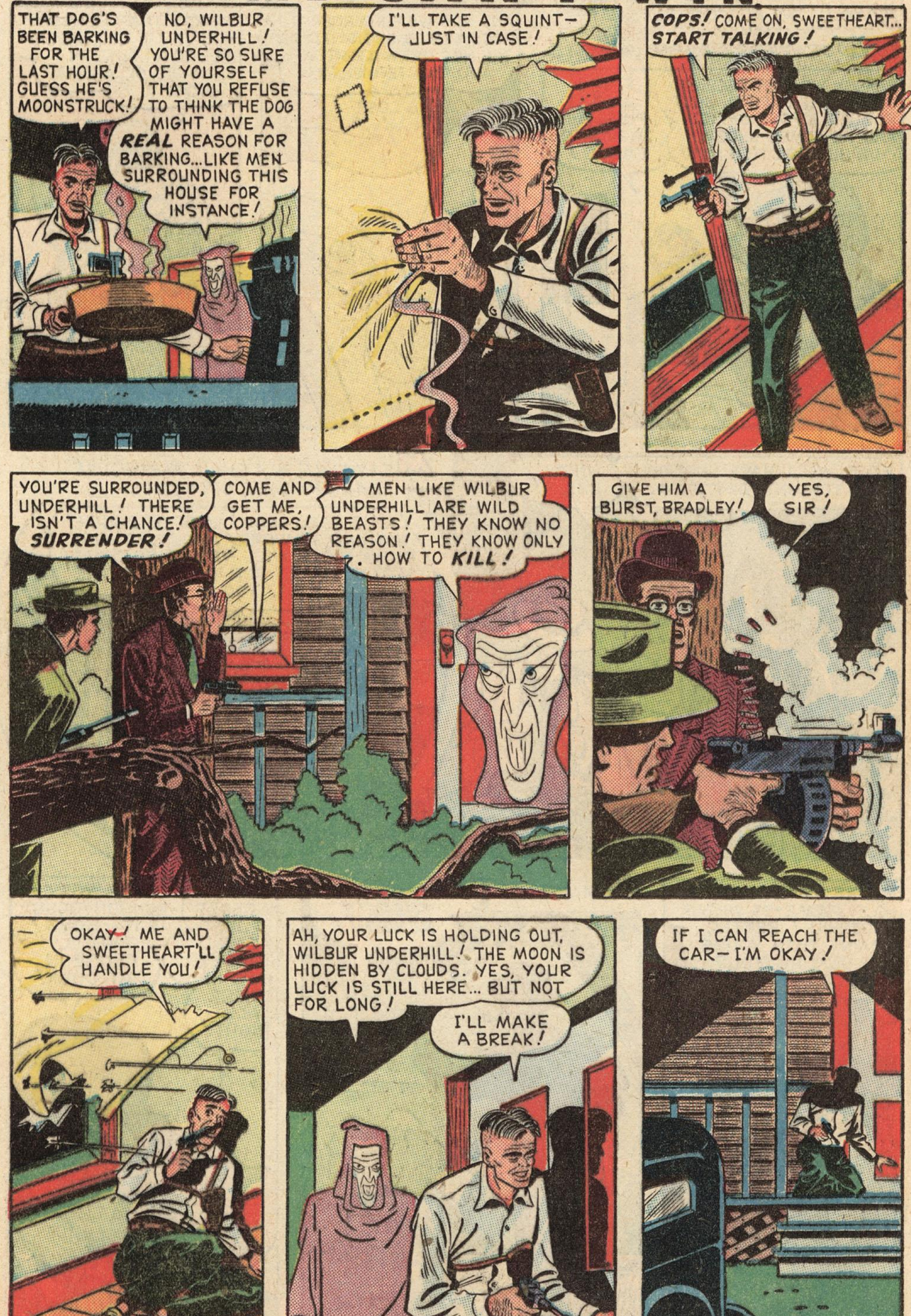
IN UNDERHILL'S ROOM...
I'LL HAVE TO HOLE UP-BUT WHERE?
YOU RENOUNCED EVERYONE, WILBUR! YOU SOUGHT TO LIVE ALONE, LIKE AN OUTCAST WOLF. THERE IS NO ONE TO HELP YOU!
WHAT NOW, LONE WOLF? WHAT NOW?
SOMETHING WILL TURN UP- IT ALWAYS DOES!
LIKE A HUNTED BEAST, UNDERHILL SCURRIED THROUGH THE STREETS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE...
SAY, YOU'RE WILBUR UNDERHILL!
HUH?
SOMETIMES THE LEAST DESERVING MEET WITH THE GREATEST FORTUNE!
OKAY, I'M UNDERHILL -SO WHAT?
TAKE IT EASY, WILBUR-DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
YEAH, I KNOW YOU-YEAH-SURE... WE WORKED HI-JACKING DEALS TOGETHER!
THAT'S RIGHT! I HEAR YOU'RE HOT, WILBUR!
HOTTER THAN A FIRECRACKER. I'M TRYING TO HOLE UP!
ONCE AGAIN, WILBUR UNDERHILL MEETS THE MAN-ROY- WHO STARTED WITH HIM ON A CAREER OF CRIME!
YOU NEED A HIDEOUT? COME OUT TO MY PLACE! I'M RESPECTABLE NOW. CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!
GEE, THANKS, ROY- IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!
MAKE IT FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANT, WILBUR!
AH, FRIENDSHIP AMONG THIEVES, EH? IT'S TOUCHING- BUT, THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!
9

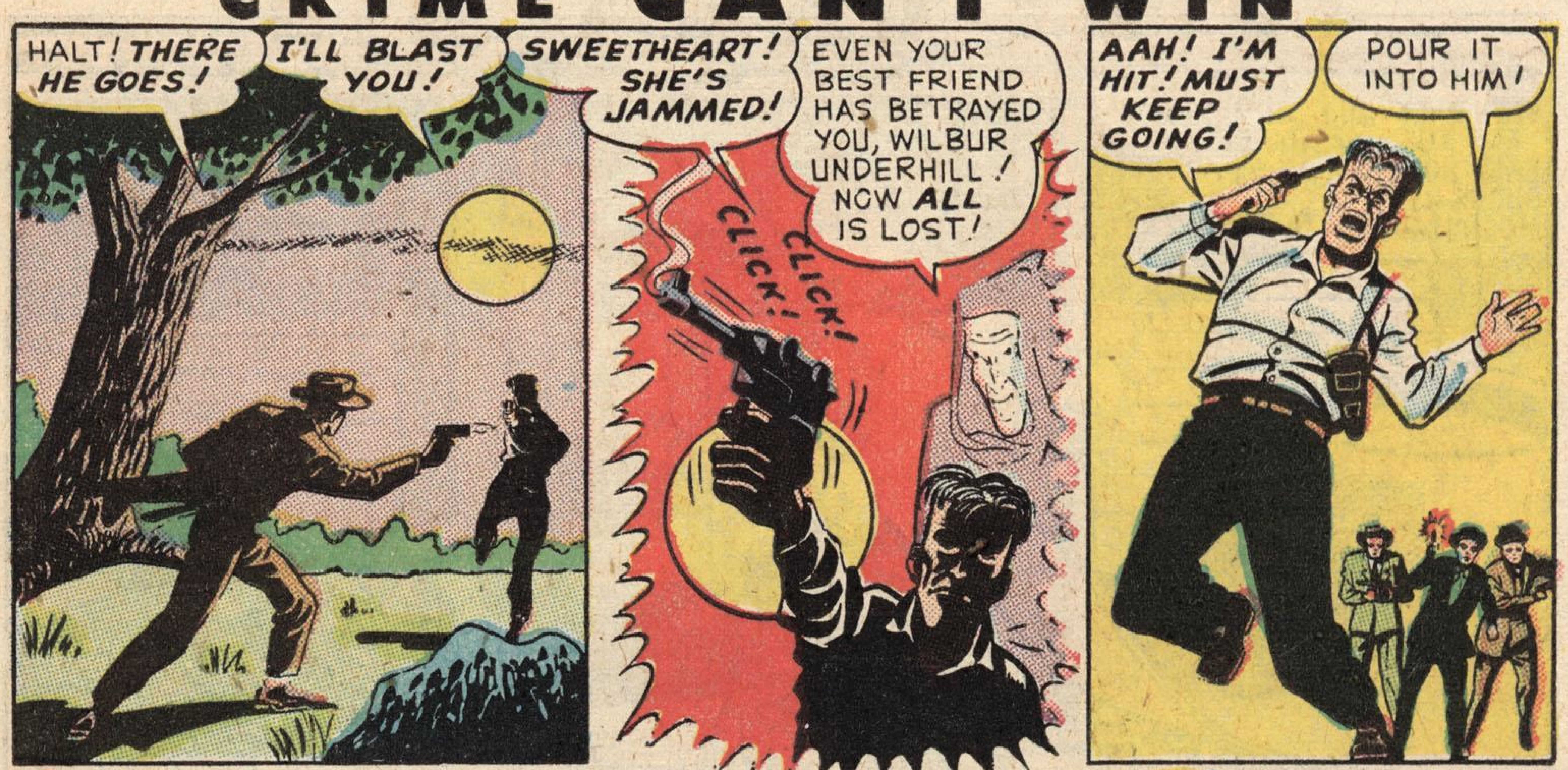
AT ROY'S APARTMENT...
HERE'S A SPECIAL DRINK FOR YOU, WILBUR... IT'S MY OWN MIXTURE!
THANKS! YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL LAY-OUT!
HERE'S TO CRIME!
DRINK HEARTY!
SHAY-WHA' WASH IN TH' DRINK? I FEEL GROGGY... I...
I TOLD YOU IT WAS A SPECIAL MIXTURE, UNDERHILL!
SO-THERE IS NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES...ONLY DISHONOR!
YOU RAT... I'M DRUGGED- I'LL...
YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING BUT FLOP ON YOUR NOSE! THERE'S TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN REWARD MONEY FOR YOU. I COULD USE IT!
OOH!
NICE ROD-I THINK I'LL KEEP IT FOR A SOUVENIR!
IF YOU WANT UNDERHILL, COMMISSIONER, I HAVE HIM! SEND YOUR BOYS, AND MAKE SURE THE TEN GRAND IS READY!
SOON THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE GROUND OUT THE PUNISHMENT FOR UNDERHILL'S CRIMES...
WILBUR UNDERHILL, BECAUSE THERE IS NO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THIS STATE, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY!
YOU'RE WRONG! NO PRISON'LL EVER HOLD ME! I HAVE LOTS TO SETTLE AND I'M COMING OUT!

IN PRISON, THE KILLER BROODED—THINKING OF ESCAPE AND VENGEANCE...
I'LL GET OUT— AND WHEN I DO— THERE'S A RAT I'M PAYING OFF!
IN PRISON, WILBUR UNDERHILL LIVES ONLY TO NOURISH HATRED!
THEN, ONE DAY IN THE PRISON YARD...
HEY, UNDERHILL, TAKE A SQUINT!
A ROD! WHAT'S THIS—A BREAK?
YEAH, IT'S A BREAK! TOMORROW'S MEMORIAL DAY AND WE'RE BUSTING OUT DURING THE BALL GAME! THERE'S PLENTY MORE RODS TO PASS AROUND! ARE YOU IN?
TRY TO KEEP ME OUT!
MEMORIAL DAY, 1933...
THERE IS MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN A VICTORY OR LOSS IN THE BALL GAME. WILBUR UNDERHILL AND OTHER DESPERATE CRIMINALS ARE BIDING THEIR TIME!
MOVE, WHEN THE INNING'S OVER!
CHECK!
AT LAST THE MOMENT CAME AND THE ARMED CONVICTS ACTED SWIFTLY!
SO LONG, WARDEN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, UNDERHILL!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, WARDEN! I GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING I WANT!
I WONDER WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE KNEW WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR HIM, AS I DO?
Daily Star 5¢
WILBUR UNDERHILL AND NINE OTHERS BREAK OUT OF PRISON!

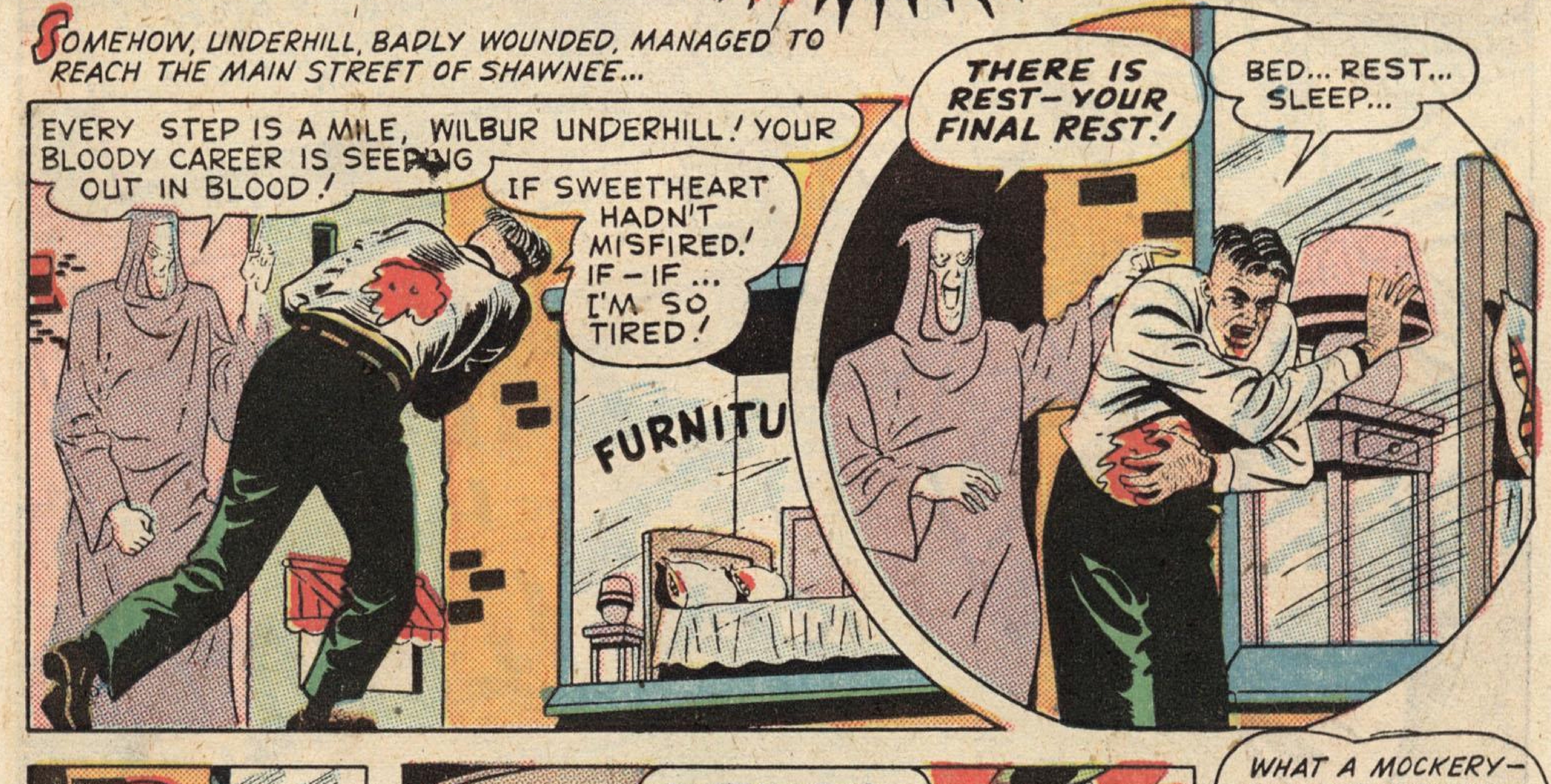
FIRST I HAVE A VISIT TO MAKE... YEAH... MY PAL, ROY, GETS A CALLER!
A SHORT TIME LATER..
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S THE EXTERMINATOR, MISTER! WE'RE CLEANING UP THE WHOLE HOUSE!
RRING! RING!
UNDERHILL!
YEAH! I WANT TO SHOW YOU OUR SPECIAL RAT KILLER!
SO LONG, SQUEALER!
AAAH!
SWEETHEART! I KNEW I'D FIND YOU!
VERY DRAMATIC! OLD FRIENDS UNITED! I AM TOUCHED!
NOW, BABY, YOU AND I ARE GOING PLACES!
CLICK!
WITH HIS DEADLY LUGER, WILBUR UNDERHILL BLAZED A TRAIL OF DEATH THROUGH KANSAS, OKLAHOMA AND MISSOURI... UNTIL HONEST CITIZENS SHUDDERED AT HIS NAME, AND CALLED HIM THE TRI-STATE TERROR!

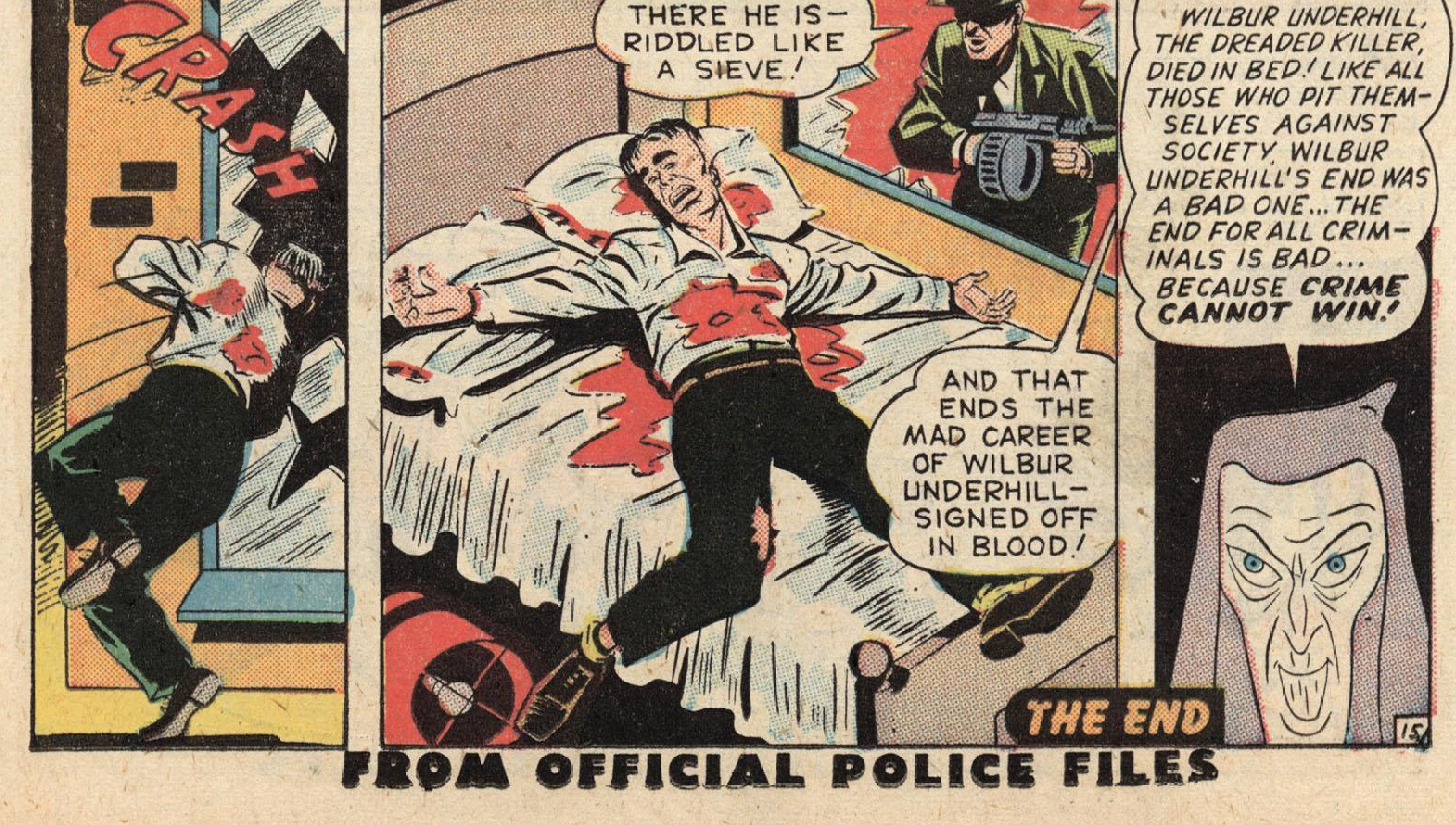
FINALLY, THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION JOINED THE WIDE-SPREAD DRAGNET FOR WILBUR UNDERHILL...
BENSON, WE JUST RECEIVED ORDERS! UNDERHILL JUST ROBBED A POST OFFICE AND HE COMES UNDER OUR JURISDICTION NOW!
FINE! WE'LL PULL THE TERROR'S FANGS!
AND NOW WILBUR UNDERHILL'S BOOK WAS COMING TO A CLOSE! THE NET DREW TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, UNTIL...
WHAT'S THAT, BENSON? YOU'VE TRAILED UNDERHILL TO A HOUSE IN SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA? OKAY!
BOYS, WE'LL HAVE UNDERHILL BY TONIGHT! LET'S GO!
OKAY, CHIEF!
MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL FARMHOUSE NEAR SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA...
AH, I FEEL GOOD! LOTS OF DOUGH! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THOSE DUMB HICKS WILL NEVER FIND ME! I'M TOO SMART FOR THEM AND THE F.B.I. TOO!
YOU'RE SMART ONLY IN YOUR OWN EYES, WILBUR UNDERHILL! BETTER BRAINS THAN YOURS ARE SEALING YOUR FATE!
A COUPLE OF MORE JOBS AND THEN I HIT FOR CENTRAL AMERICA... THEY'LL NEVER GET ME!
MEANWHILE...
PULL OVER! THERE'S BENSON!
HIS HIDEOUT IS JUST AROUND THE BEND! HE'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT!
NICE WORK, BENSON! THIS IS IT, BOYS! WE'LL CLOSE IN AT DUSK!

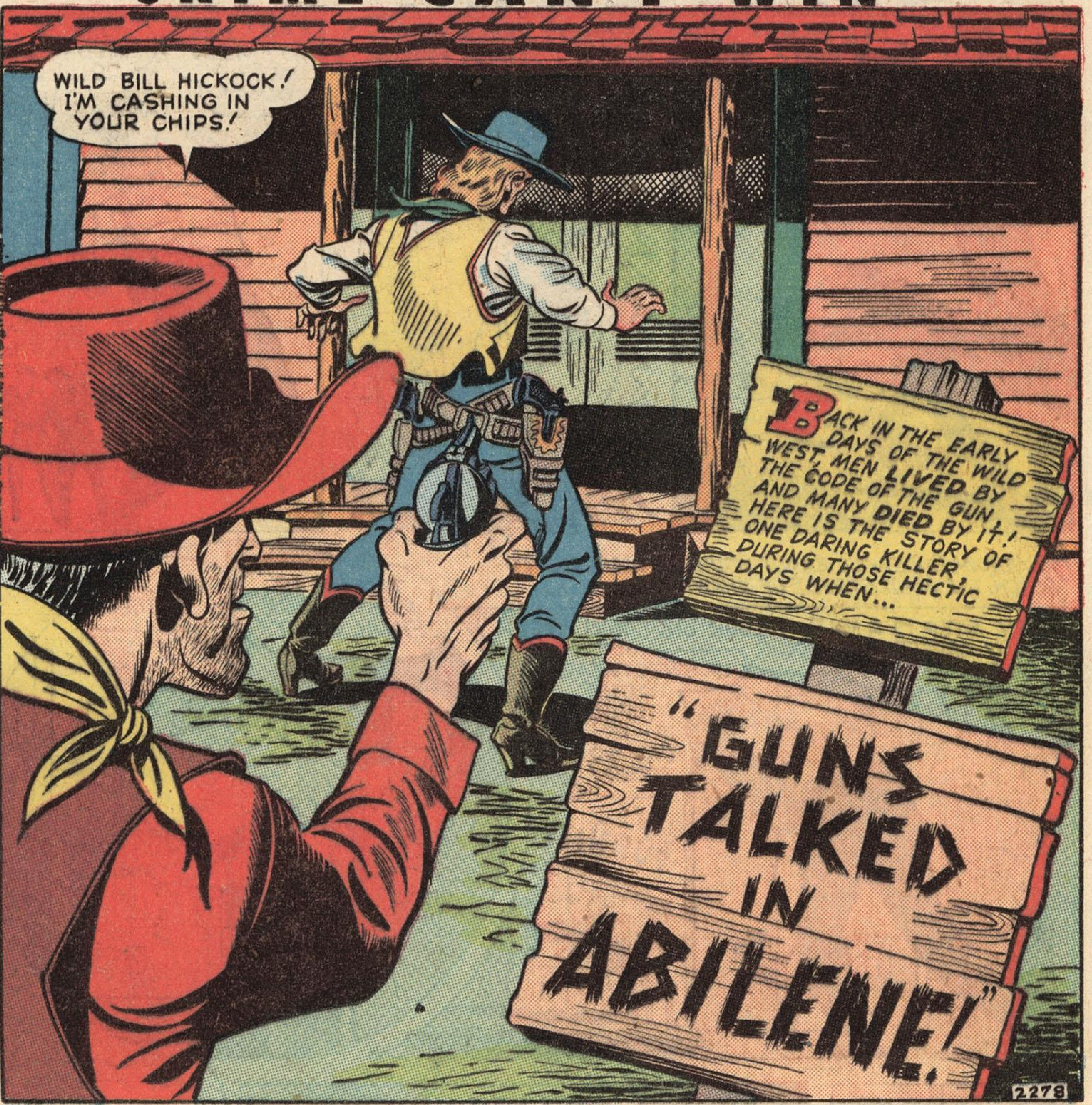

THAT DOG'S BEEN BARKING FOR THE LAST HOUR! GUESS HE'S MOONSTRUCK!
NO, WILBUR UNDERHILL! YOU'RE SO SURE OF YOURSELF THAT YOU REFUSE TO THINK THE DOG MIGHT HAVE A **REAL** REASON FOR BARKING...LIKE MEN SURROUNDING THIS HOUSE FOR INSTANCE!
I'LL TAKE A SQUINT— JUST IN CASE!
COPS! COME ON, SWEETHEART... ***START TALKING!***
YOU'RE SURROUNDED, UNDERHILL! THERE ISN'T A CHANCE! ***SURRENDER!***
COME AND GET ME, COPPERS!
MEN LIKE WILBUR UNDERHILL ARE WILD BEASTS! THEY KNOW NO REASON! THEY KNOW ONLY HOW TO ***KILL!***
GIVE HIM A BURST, BRADLEY!
YES, SIR!
OKAY! ME AND SWEETHEART'LL HANDLE YOU!
AH, YOUR LUCK IS HOLDING OUT, WILBUR UNDERHILL! THE MOON IS HIDDEN BY CLOUDS. YES, YOUR LUCK IS STILL HERE... BUT NOT FOR LONG!
I'LL MAKE A BREAK!
IF I CAN REACH THE CAR— I'M OKAY!

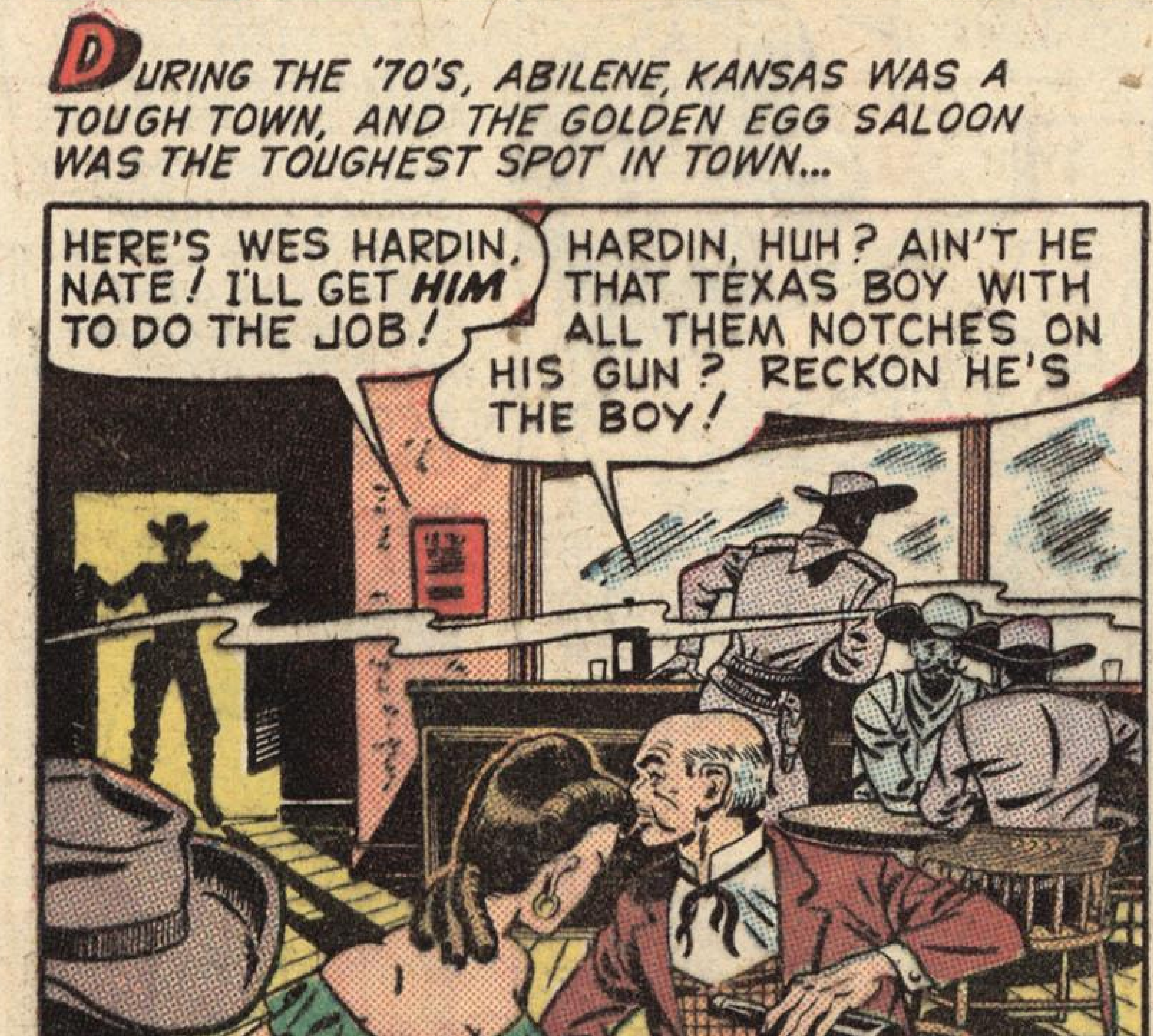

HALT! THERE HE GOES!
I'LL BLAST YOU!
SWEETHEART! SHE'S JAMMED!
CLICK! CLICK!
EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND HAS BETRAYED YOU, WILBUR UNDERHILL! NOW ALL IS LOST!
AAH! I'M HIT! MUST KEEP GOING!
POUR IT INTO HIM!

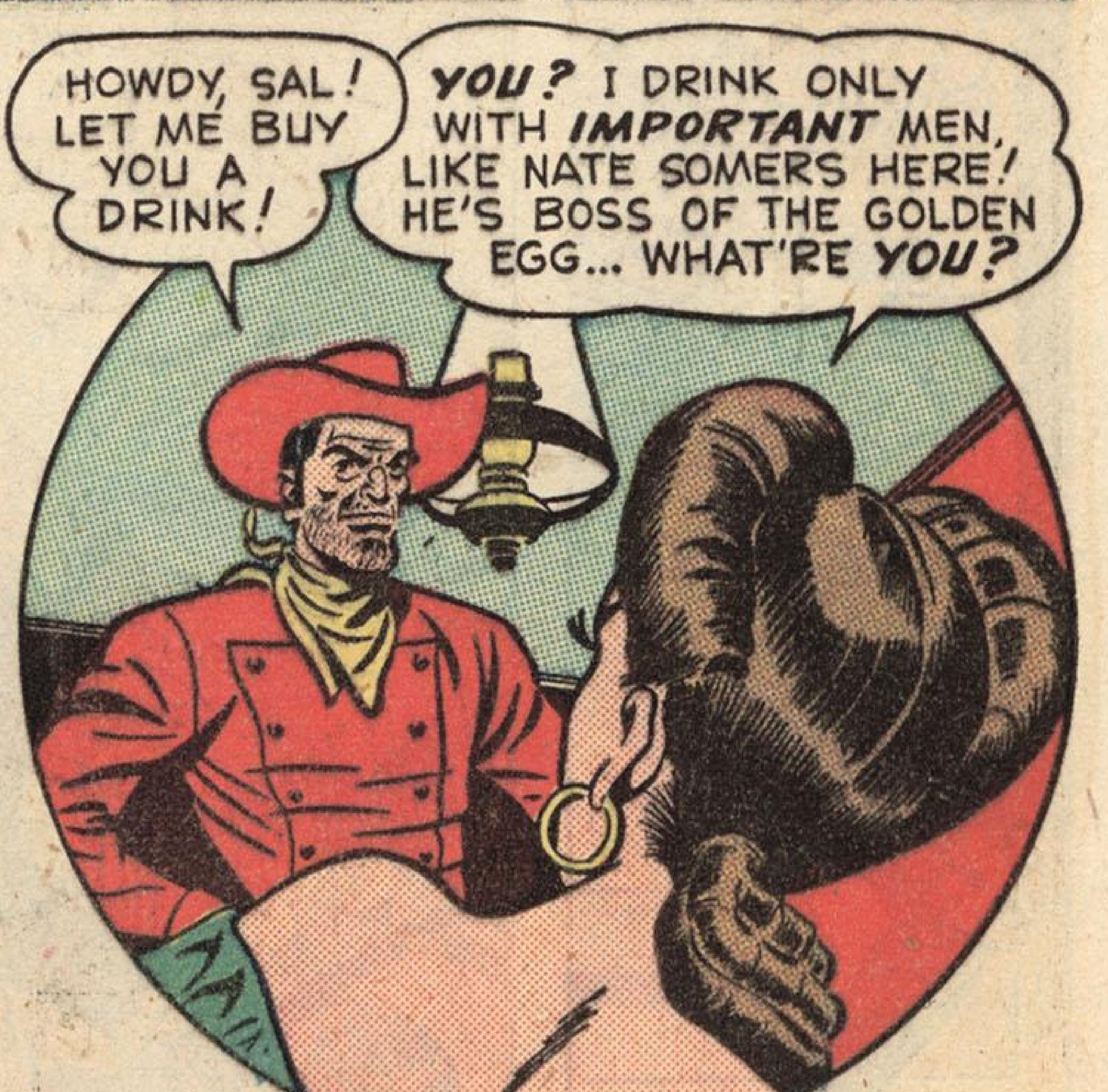
SOMEHOW, UNDERHILL, BADLY WOUNDED, MANAGED TO REACH THE MAIN STREET OF SHAWNEE...


EVERY STEP IS A MILE, WILBUR UNDERHILL! YOUR BLOODY CAREER IS SEEPING OUT IN BLOOD!
IF SWEETHEART HADN'T MISFIRED! IF—IF... I'M SO TIRED!
FURNITU
THERE IS REST—YOUR FINAL REST!
BED... REST... SLEEP...


CRASH
THERE HE IS—RIDDLED LIKE A SIEVE!
AND THAT ENDS THE MAD CAREER OF WILBUR UNDERHILL—SIGNED OFF IN BLOOD!
WHAT A MOCKERY—WILBUR UNDERHILL, THE DREADED KILLER, DIED IN BED! LIKE ALL THOSE WHO PIT THEMSELVES AGAINST SOCIETY, WILBUR UNDERHILL'S END WAS A BAD ONE... THE END FOR ALL CRIMINALS IS BAD... BECAUSE CRIME CANNOT WIN!
THE END


WILD BILL HICKOCK! I'M CASHING IN YOUR CHIPS!
BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WILD WEST, MEN **LIVED** BY THE CODE OF THE GUN, AND MANY **DIED** BY IT! HERE IS THE STORY OF ONE DARING KILLER, DURING THOSE HECTIC DAYS WHEN...
"GUNS TALKED IN ABILENE!"
2278


DURING THE '70'S, ABILENE, KANSAS WAS A TOUGH TOWN, AND THE GOLDEN EGG SALOON WAS THE TOUGHEST SPOT IN TOWN...
HERE'S WES HARDIN, NATE! I'LL GET ***HIM*** TO DO THE JOB!
HARDIN, HUH? AIN'T HE THAT TEXAS BOY WITH ALL THEM NOTCHES ON HIS GUN? RECKON HE'S THE BOY!


HOWDY, SAL! LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK!
YOU? I DRINK ONLY WITH ***IMPORTANT*** MEN, LIKE NATE SOMERS HERE! HE'S BOSS OF THE GOLDEN EGG... WHAT'RE ***YOU?***

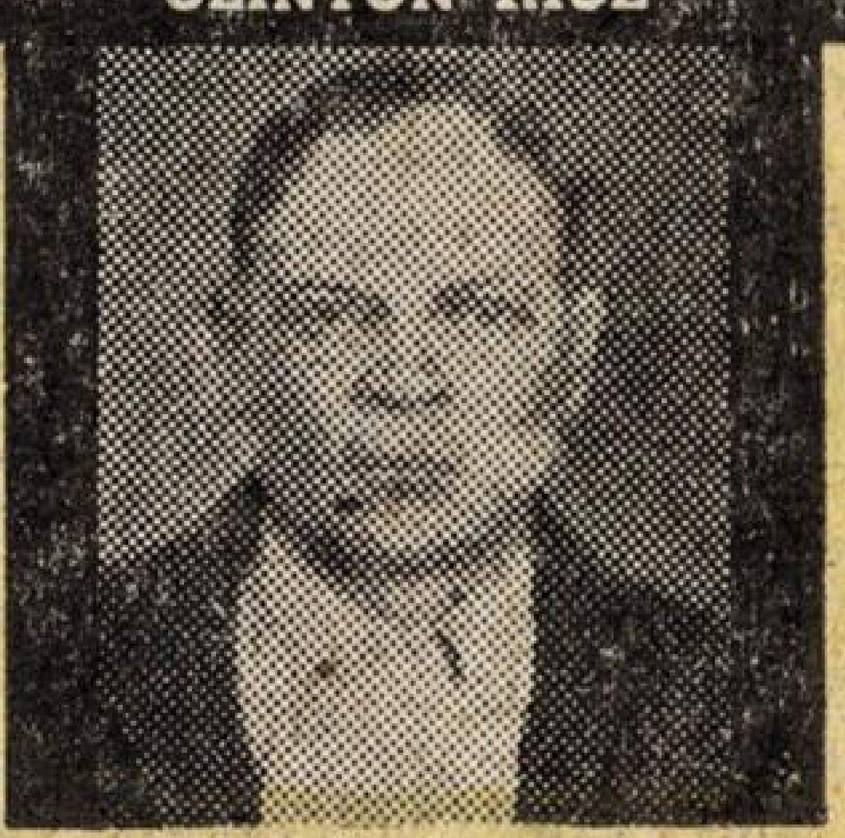
THAR! NINETEEN NOTCHES ON MUH SHOOTIN' IRON! AIN'T THAT ENOUGH? I'M PLENTY IMPORTANT, SAL!
NOTCHES FOR COWHANDS-SADDLE TRAMPS... NOBODY WITH A NAME-LIKE WILD BILL HICKOCK FOR INSTANCE! NOW IF WILD BILL WAS ONE OF THEM NOTCHES...
HICKOCK IS GETTIN' TOO BIG FER HIS BRITCHES, WES! SINCE HE WAS MADE MARSHAL OF ABILENE, THERE AIN'T ANY HOLDIN' HIM! AN' HE'S AFTER YOU!
HE TOLD SOME OF THE BOYS HE'D GUN YOU ON SIGHT!
I RECKON ME AN' THE MARSHAL NEED A SHOOT-OUT!
WHAT'D I TELL YOU, NATE? HE'LL DO IT!
HARDIN WENT AFTER HICKOCK, AND FOUND HIM...
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MARSHAL! YOU AN' ME ARE HAVIN' A TALK—WITH SHOOTIN' IRONS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, WES? WHO'S BEEN HOPPIN' YOU UP? I GOT NO FEUD WITH YOU AS LONG AS YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF IN ABILENE!
DON'T MOVE, WES! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? WAS IT NATE SOMERS?
YOU'RE FAST ON THE DRAW, MARSHAL! YEP, IT WAS SOMERS!
YOU'RE A FOOL, WES! HE WANTS ME OUT OF THE WAY BECAUSE I'M CRACKING DOWN ON THE GOLDEN EGG! HE JUST WANTED YOU TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK!
YEAH...HE PUT SAL UP TO EGG ME ON! LET ME GO, MARSHAL, AND I'LL SHAKE ABILENE DUST BY SUNDOWN!
HARDIN RETURNED TO THE GOLDEN EGG...
WES, HONEY-DID YOU DO THE JOB?
NOPE! CHANGED MUH MIND! TOOK ANOTHER JOB!

NEW JOB IS *RAT-KILLIN'*!
OHHH!
I'LL HIT FOR THE HILLS! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME THAR!
HE MUST BE HEADING FOR THE HILLS! YOU, SELMAN, TAKE TWO MEN AND BEAT HIM TO THE WATERHOLE! TAKE FRESH MOUNTS!
OKAY, MARSHAL!
THE PURSUIT LASTED ALL NIGHT! THE NEXT MORNING...
SELMAN, **LOOK!** IT'S HARDIN!
CLOSE IN, BOYS!
HARDIN! **WE... AHHH!**
SEEN YOU WAY BACK! RECKON ***THIS'LL*** HOLD YOU!
HARDIN'S BULLETS KILLED TWO OF THE DEPUTIES! THE OTHER...
I'LL GIT YOU, WES HARDIN, IF IT TAKES MY WHOLE LIFE... ***I'LL GIT YOU!***
MONTHS LATER, BACK IN ABILENE...
HARDIN WAS CAUGHT AND SENTENCED TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE STATE CALABOOSE!
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! A LONG TIME, BILL...BUT I WON'T FORGET HIM! I ***CAN'T!*** SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET—AND WHEN WE DO...

THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY IN THE STATE PEN...
WHO'S THAT GUY? HE'S ALWAYS READIN' THEM LAW BOOKS!
THAT'S WES HARDIN! ONCE HE WAS THE WORST GUN SLINGER IN THE SOUTHWEST! HE'S CALMED DOWN CONSIDERABLE! SPENDS HIS TIME STUDYIN' LAW!
FINALLY, IN 1895...
YOU'RE A FREE MAN NOW, HARDIN! WHAT WILL YOU DO?
GO BACK TO EL PASO! THAT'S MY HOME! BEEN STUDYIN' LAW ALL THESE YEARS! MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE BAR EXAMINATION AN' SET UP PRACTICE—OR MAYBE WORK FOR A LAWYER!
EL PASO, TEXAS...
HOME, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
YOU—WES HARDIN!
WE MEET AGAIN, HARDIN! THE LAST TIME YOU GAVE ME THIS!
YOU'RE ONE OF HICKOCK'S DEPUTIES! BUT THAT WAS SO LONG AGO... EVEN HICKOCK'S DEAD NOW!
YOU'RE NOT, HARDIN! I'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR THIS MINUTE!
WAIT! I AIN'T ARMED!
YOU KILLED THIRTY-SIX MEN IN YOUR TIME, HARDIN, AND ALL OF THEM WERE UNARMED! SOME OF THEM YOU PLUGGED IN THE BACK! NOW YOU GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!
SO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN DIED—A VICTIM OF THE GUN! FOR THOSE WHO LIVE BY IT, DIE BY IT! SELMAN HIMSELF WAS KILLED A FEW DAYS LATER IN A GUNFIGHT!
IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.
$100 REWARD
WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

CLINTON RICE



With aliases: Basket Rice, Victor Rice, "Red."

DESCRIPTION

Age 54, born June 16, 1892, Evansville, Indiana; Height, 5 feet, 4½ inches; Weight, 143 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, blue; Hair, black, curly, bald spot on top of head; Complexion, very light brown; Race, negro; Nationality, American; Occupations, chauffeur, laborer, paperhanger, painter and decorator, and porter; Scars and marks, ring finger of left hand amputated at second joint, word "love" tattooed on back of four fingers of right hand, one letter on each finger, word "OLA" on back of three fingers of left hand, letter "O" on index finger, letter "L" on middle finger and letter "A" on ring finger.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTON FOR ROBBERY

CRIMINAL RECORD

Rice was sentenced to a term of 10 years in the Missouri State Penitentiary for robbery, first degree, and attempted robbery, first degree.

CAUTION!

RICE IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS AND MAY BE ARMED

A complaint was filed before the United States Commissioner at St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1943, charging Clinton Rice with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code in that he unlawfully fled from the state of Missouri to avoid prosecution for the crime of robbery.

Fingerprint Classification:

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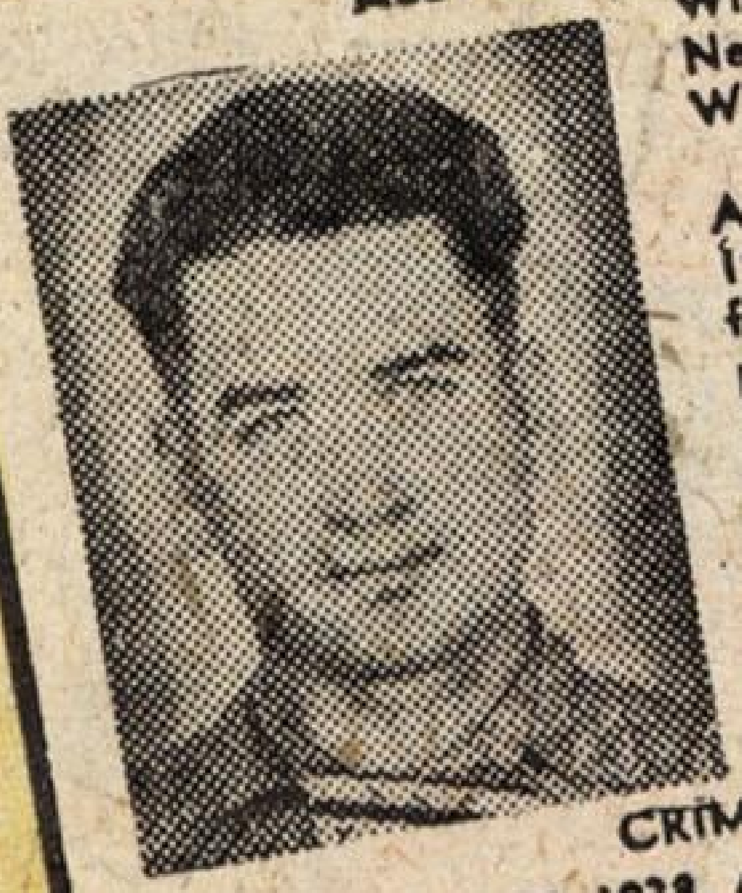
I 28 W OIM 28

ALLEN BUTLER WOOLWORTH



With aliases: O. W. Nelson, Jack Nelson, "Blackie" Nelson, Allen W. Woolworth, "Grape" Woolworth.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 42 years, born October 9, 1903, Wichita, Kansas; Height, 5 feet, 10 inches; Weight, 158 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, dark brown, greying; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupation, clerk; Scars and Marks, small cut scar left corner of mouth, cut scar "V" shape on right forehead, appendectomy scar.

CRIMINAL RECORD

On September 27, 1938, Allen Butler Woolworth was convicted and sentenced in Federal Court, Norfolk, Nebraska, to serve 20 years on one count and 25 years on another count, concurrently, for participation in the $22,850.00 armed robbery of The Delay National Bank, Norfolk, Nebraska, on November 9, 1934. This Federal sentence was to begin upon expiration of a 10 to 50 year sentence Woolworth began serving in the Kansas State Penitentiary, Lansing, Kansas, on June 11, 1937, for robbery of The Citizens National Bank, Emporia, Kansas, on March 1, 1933. On January 3, 1934, he escaped from the Kansas State Penitentiary. His criminal record, which dates back to 1921, includes arrest for assault and carrying concealed weapons. He is reported to be ARMED at the present time and is regarded as DANGEROUS. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Kansas City, on June 4, 1943, charging Woolworth with violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940.

Fingerprint Classification:

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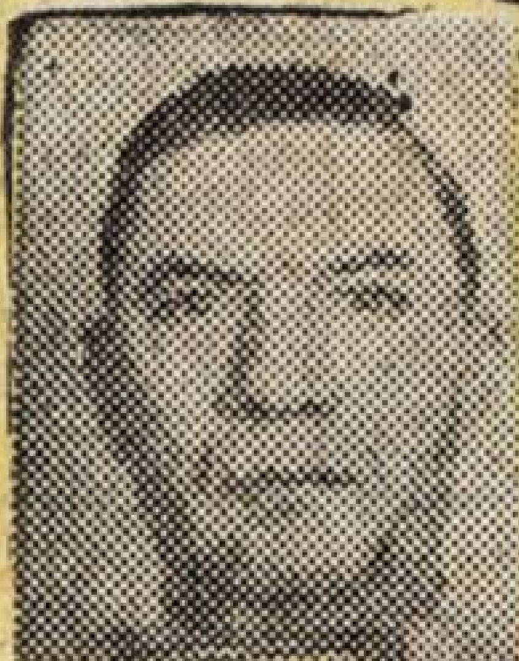
M I U 101

RAYMOND ELMER JACKSON



With aliases: Jim Beam, Joe Harris, James Elmer Jackson.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 52 or 53, born November 8, 1893 or 1894 in Iowa; Height, 5'9"; Weight, 165 pounds; Eyes, blue or grey; Hair, brown; Complexion, medium; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, laborer and mechanic; Scars and marks, small cut scar on bridge of nose.

CONDITIONAL RELEASE VIOLATOR

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since September 15, 1925, Raymond Elmer Jackson has been arrested on numerous occasions for charges which include breaking and entering, illegal transportation of liquor, automobile larceny, forgery and violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act.

On November 5, 1942 the U. S. District Court at Moscow, Idaho, sentenced this subject to serve two years imprisonment for a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. Jackson served a portion of this sentence at the U. S. Penitentiary, McNeil Island, Washington, and was conditionally released from this institution on May 16, 1944. On July 21, 1944 the U. S. Board of Parole issued a warrant for the arrest of this subject as James Elmer Jackson in which he is charged with violating the terms of his conditional release.

Fingerprint Classification:

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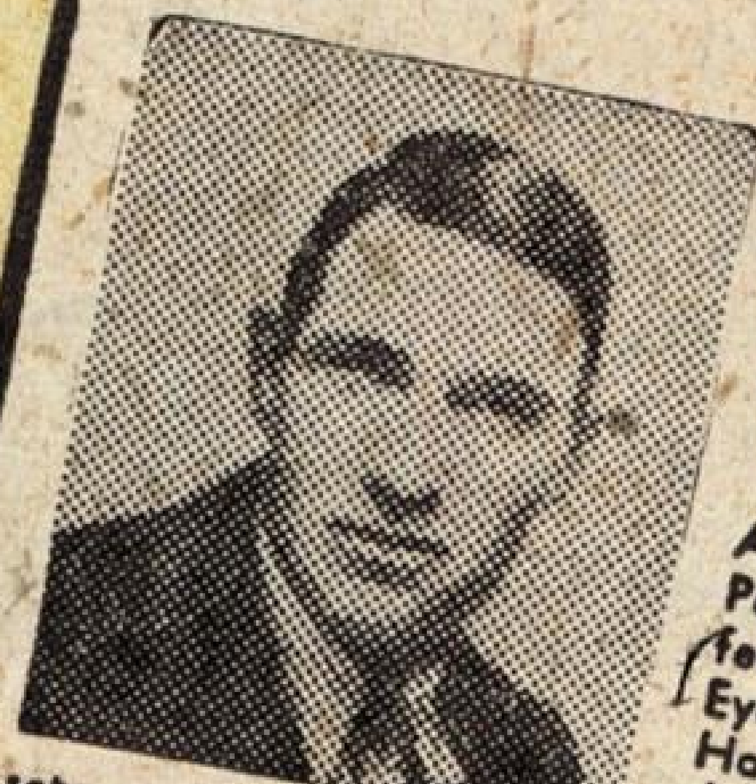
RAYMOND WRIGHT



With aliases: Raymond Burton, Dewey Gowan, Raymond Knoel, Raymond McFarrer, Raymond Roberts, Raymond Scott, "Blackie", "Mike".

DESCRIPTION

Age, 34 years, born May 20, 1912, Peach Orchard, Arkansas; Height, 5 feet, 8 inches; Weight, 150 pounds; Eyes, black, sometimes appear green; Hair, dark brown; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, grade school; Occupations, farmhand, truck driver, mechanic; Scars and marks, scar on left temple, several scars back of head usually obscured by hair; Peculiarities, prominent eye teeth, noticeable gap between upper front teeth, affects cowboy dress, interested in rodeo and dude ranches, rides freight trains, talks slowly and deliberately, usually quiet and well-mannered but reported cruel to domestic animals.

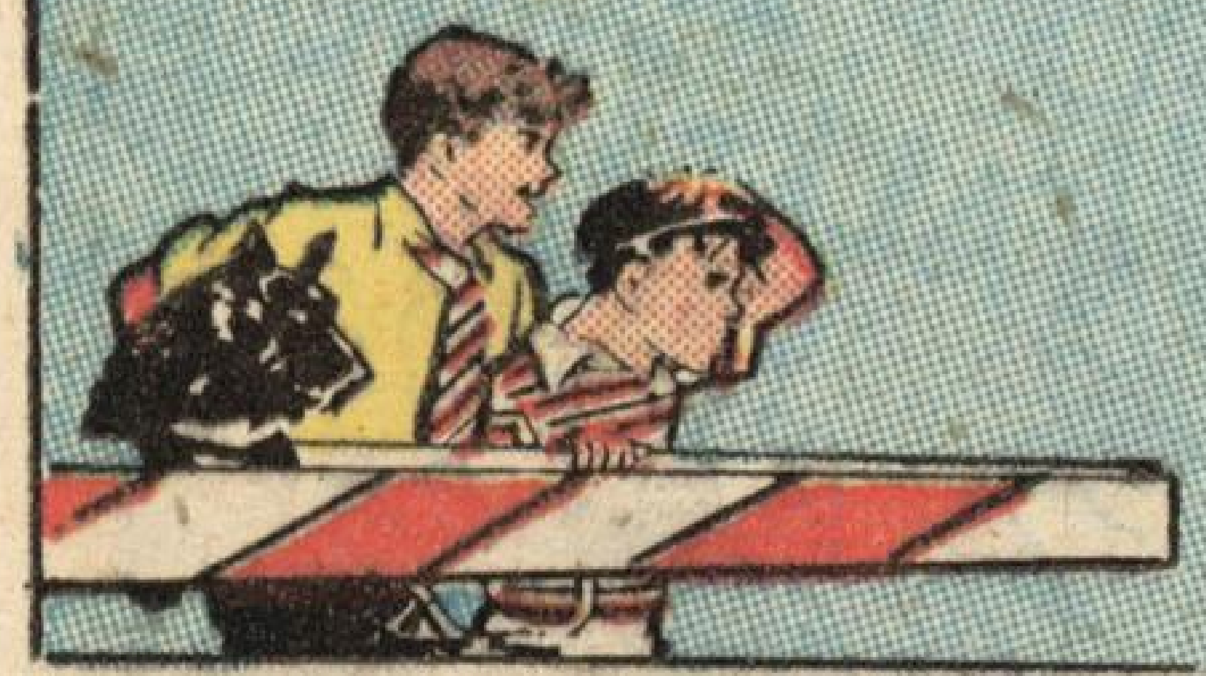
UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

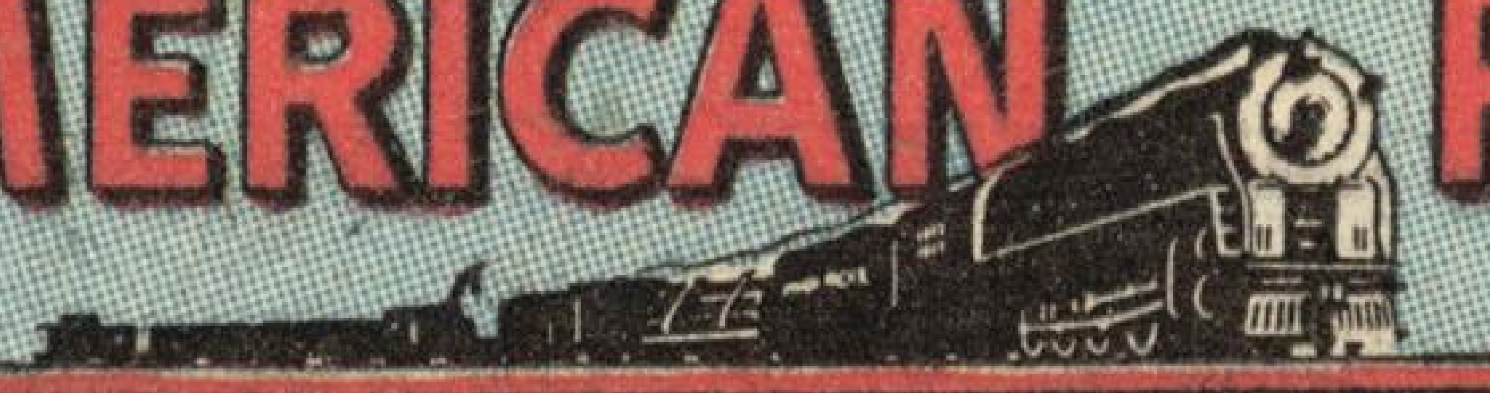
(None Known)

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Wichita, Kansas, on September 28, 1935, charging subject as Raymond Knoel with violation of the Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution Statute in that he did, on or about October 18, 1934, unlawfully travel in interstate commerce from the State of Kansas to the State of Oklahoma to avoid prosecution for MURDER, which crime was committed in Montgomery County, Kansas, on October 18, 1934.

Fingerprint Classification: (None available)



AMERICAN FLYER



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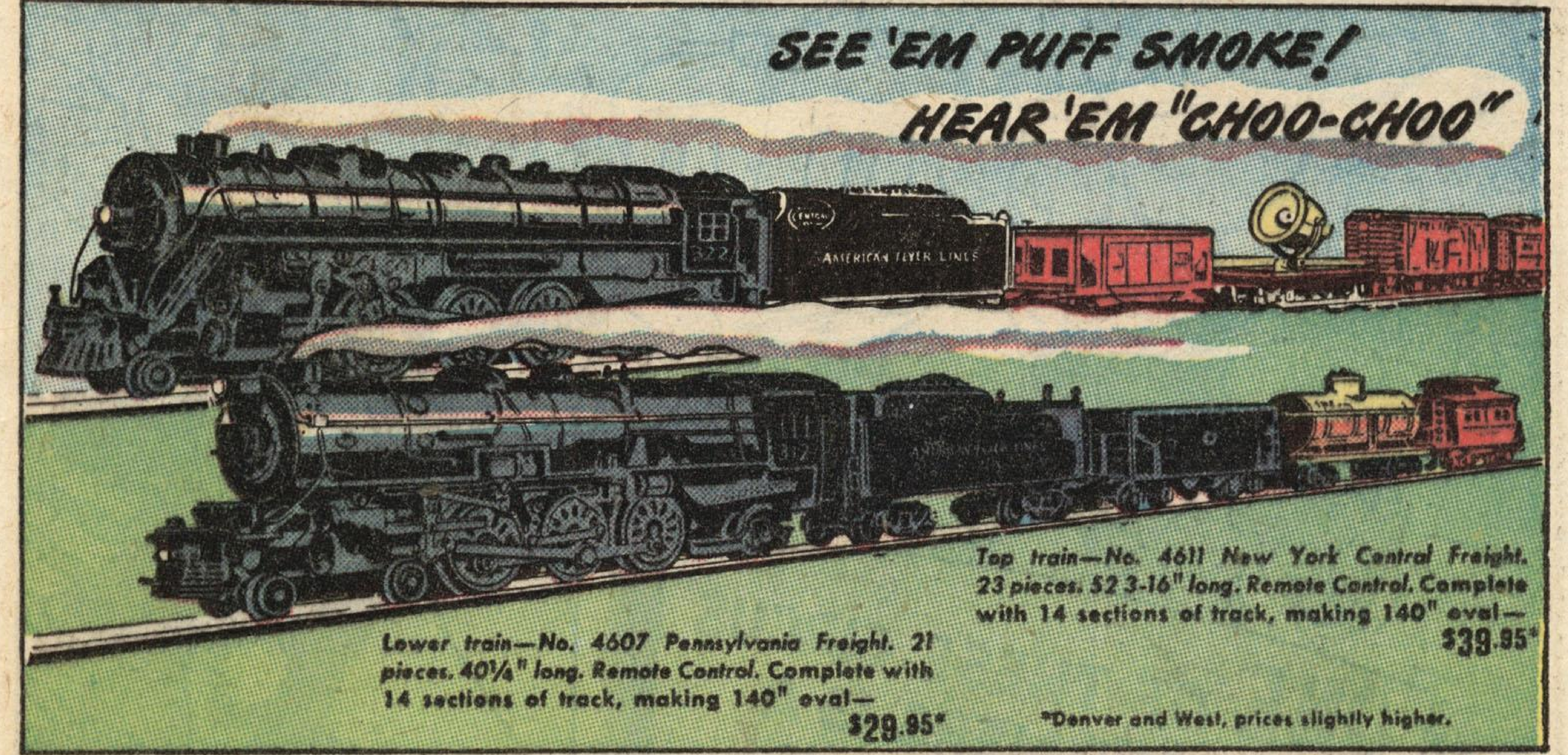

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- **Realistic 2-rail track—no old-fashioned third rail**
- **Trains and track built to uniform 3-16" scale**
- **Spectacular new Electronic Propulsion locomotives**
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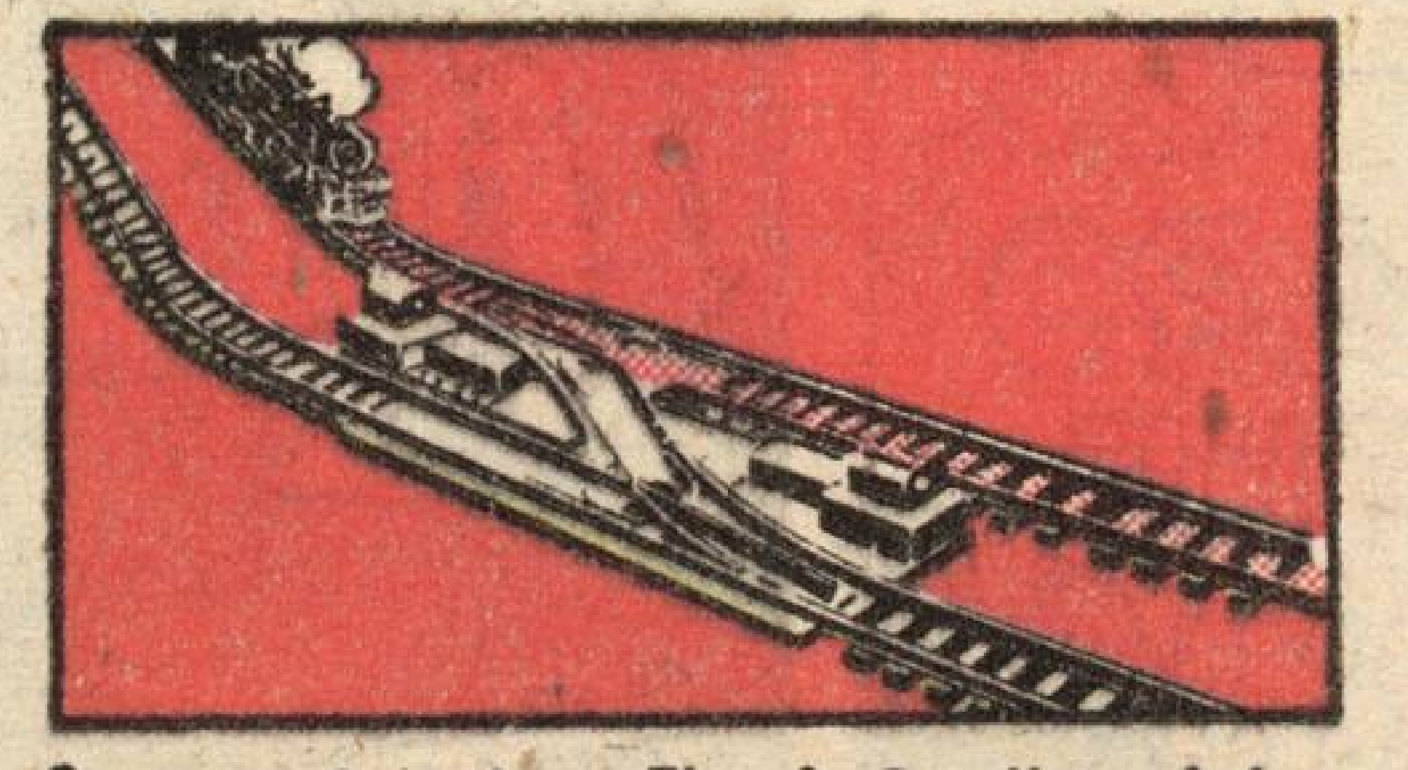

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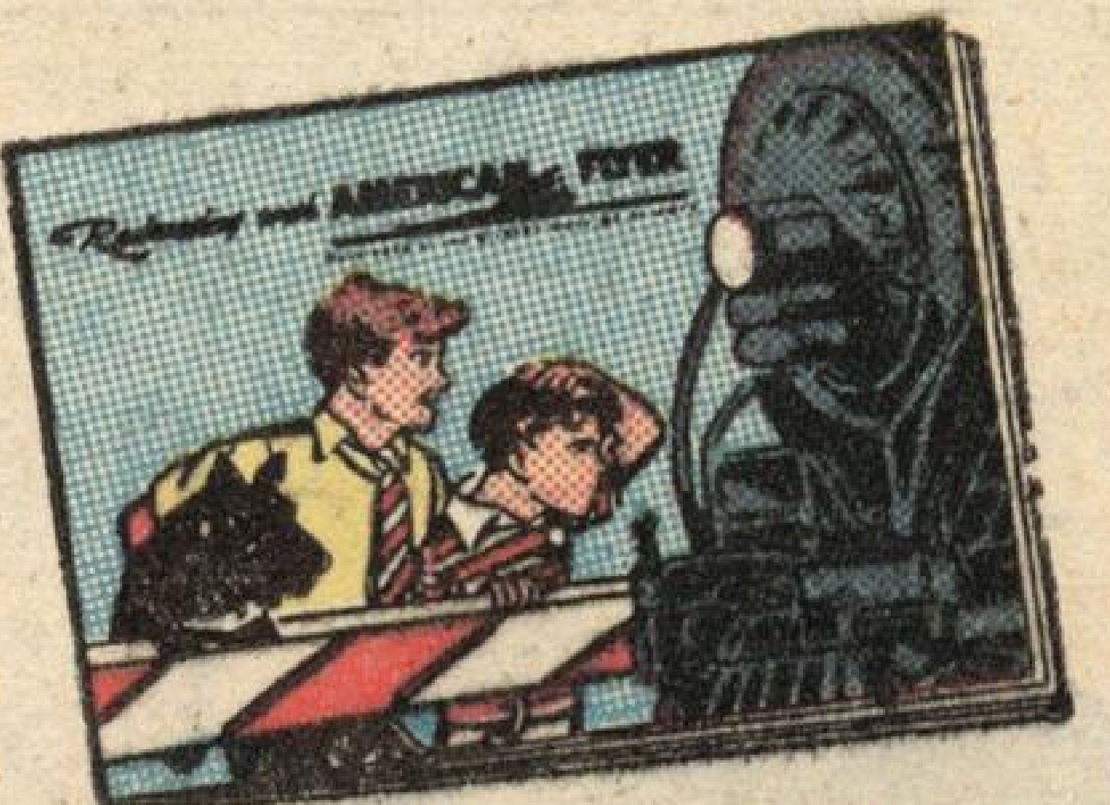

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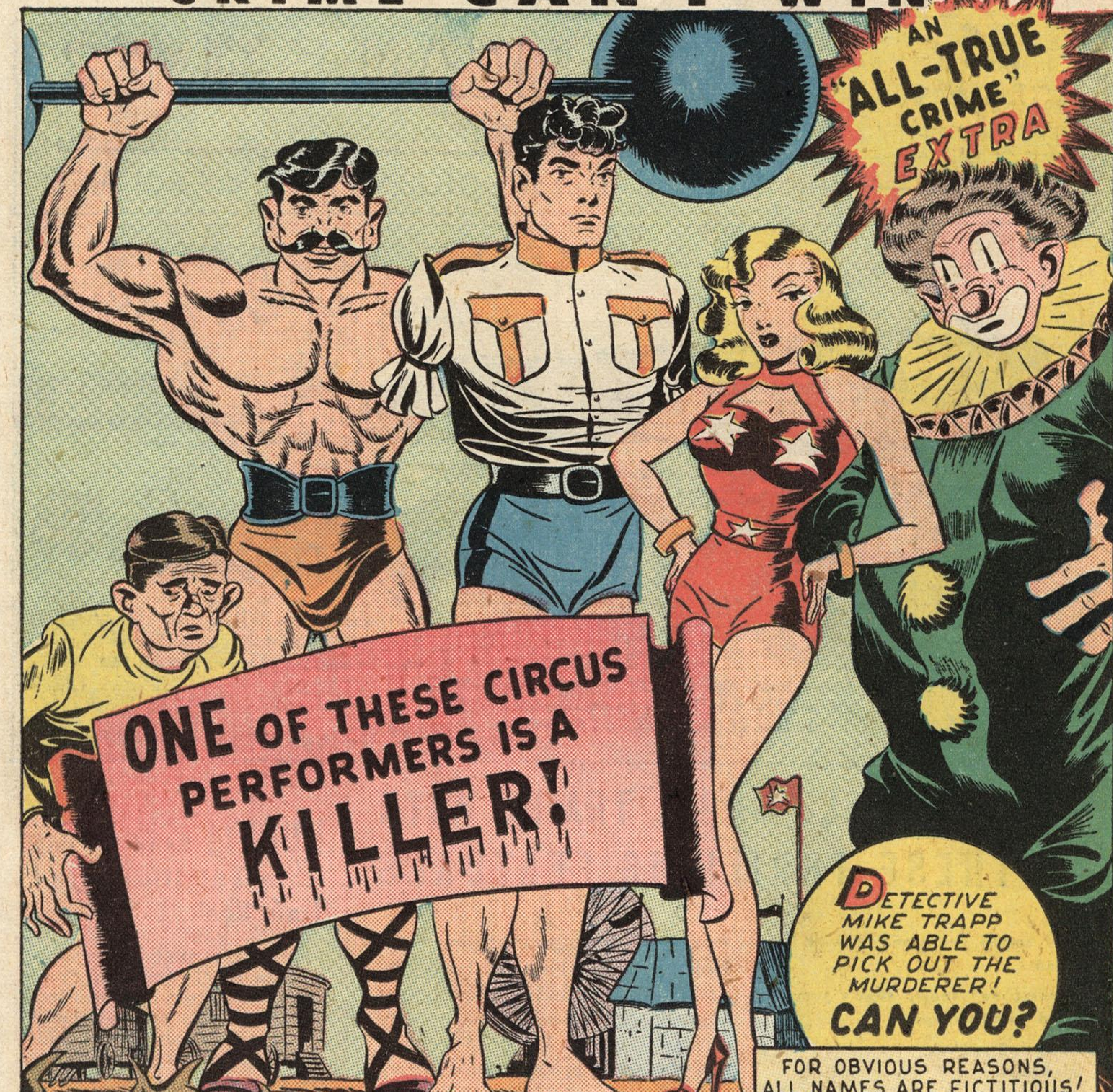
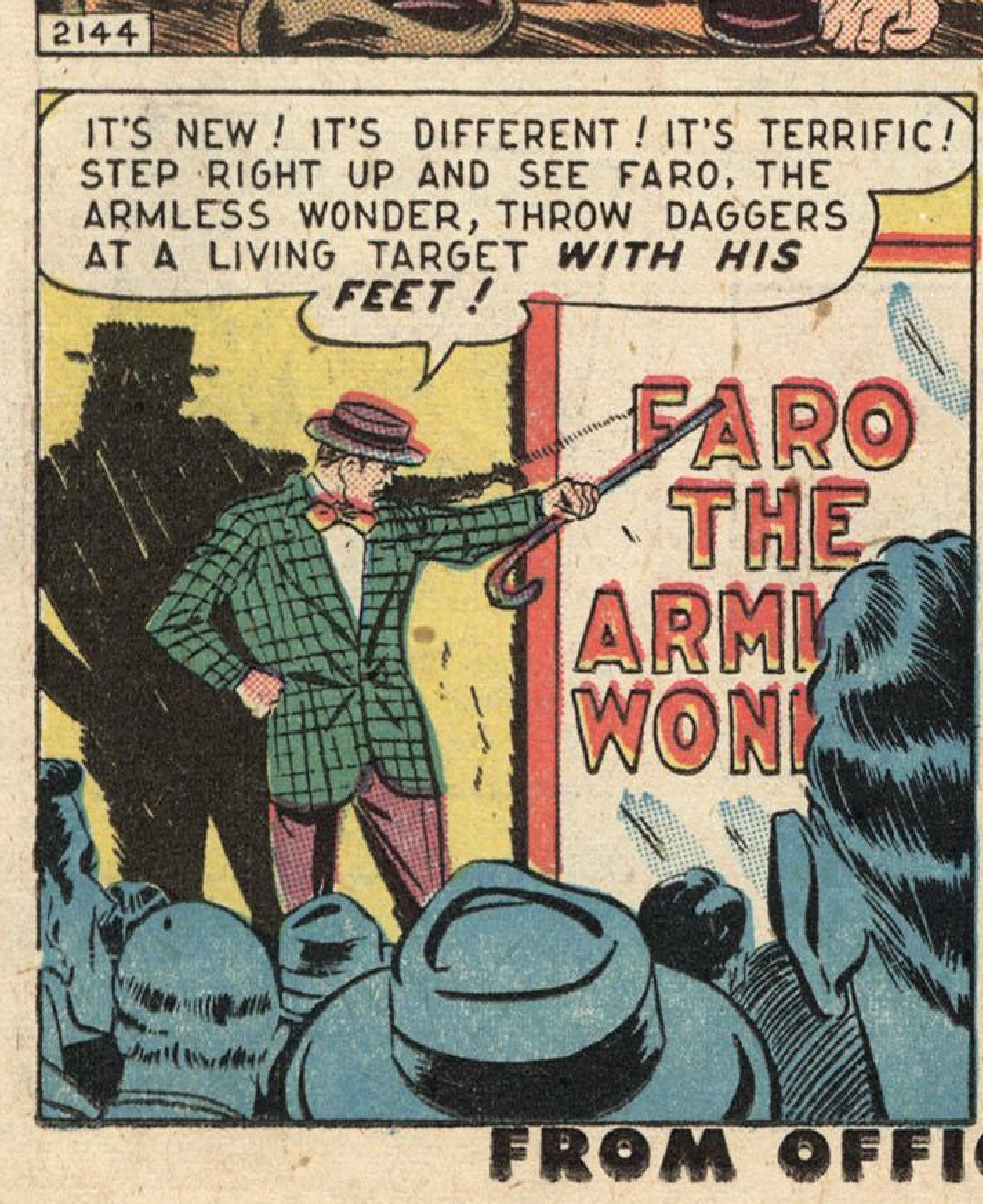
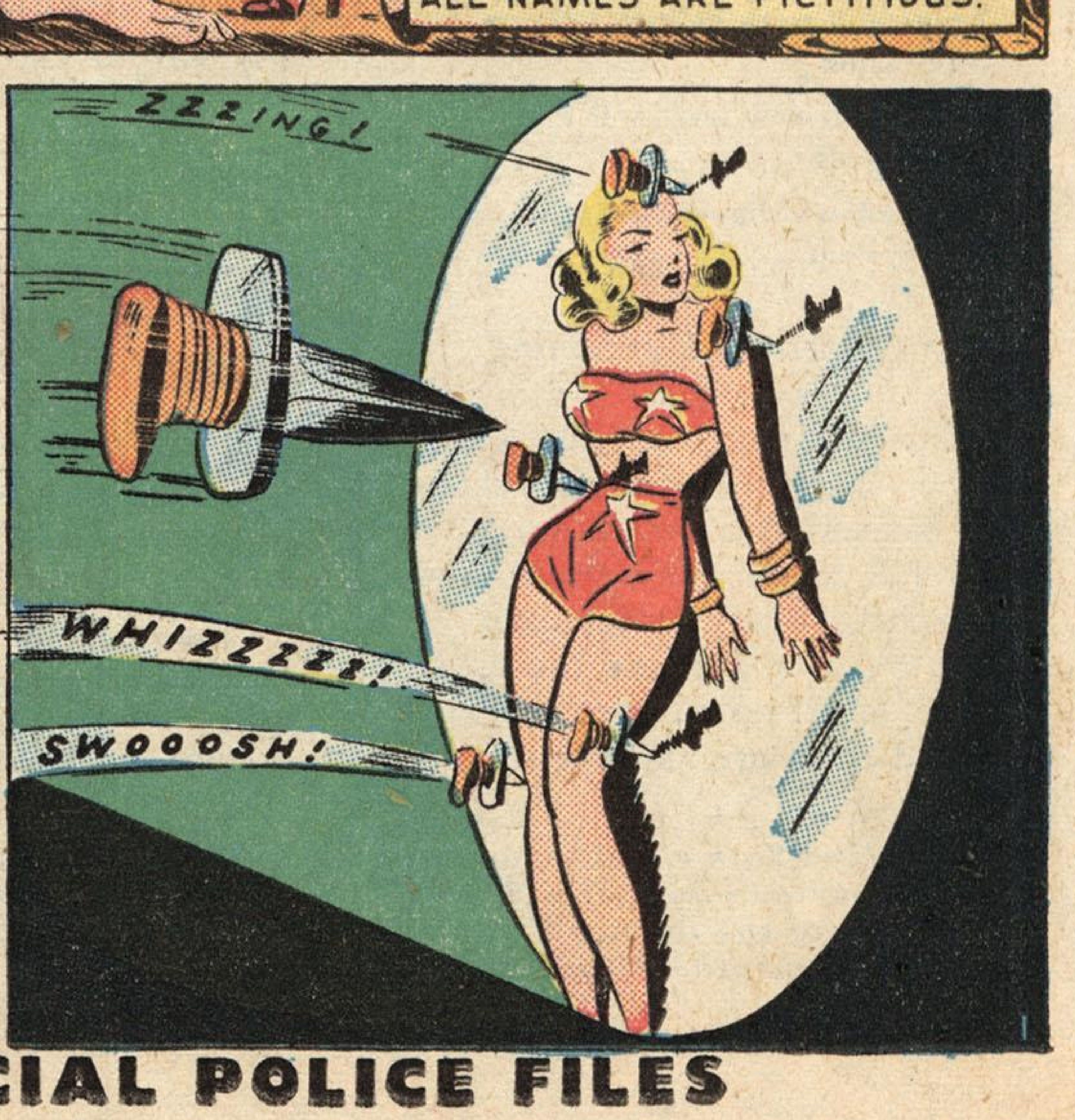
CRIME CAN'T WIN


AN "ALL-TRUE CRIME" EXTRA
ONE OF THESE CIRCUS PERFORMERS IS A KILLER!
DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP WAS ABLE TO PICK OUT THE MURDERER! CAN YOU?
FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ALL NAMES ARE FICTITIOUS!
2144


IT'S NEW! IT'S DIFFERENT! IT'S TERRIFIC! STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE FARO, THE ARMLESS WONDER, THROW DAGGERS AT A LIVING TARGET WITH HIS FEET!
FARO THE ARMI WONI


ZZZING!
WHIZZZZZZ!
SWOOOSH!

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

INSIDE THE BIG TENT, FARO AMAZED HIS AUDIENCES BY HIS ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE—USING HIS FEET WITH MORE SKILL THAN MOST PEOPLE COULD USE THEIR ARMS...
BRAVO!
HOORAY!
ENCORE!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL TONIGHT, NOLA! YOU'RE WONDERFUL EVERY NIGHT!
THANKS, FARO! YOU'RE THE MAIN PROP OF THIS ACT! I'D STILL BE SLINGING HASH IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!
HELLO, KEEDS! YOU NEXT FOR PAYROLL, NOLA, BUT BE CAREFUL! THE BOSS, HE VEREE DRUNK!
HI, GIGANTO! CRANDALL ALWAYS GETS DRUNK ON PAYDAY!
IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF CRANDALL, I GO WEETH YOU, NOLA!
NO THANKS, GIGANTO! I CAN HANDLE CRANDALL—DRUNK OR SOBER!
YOU'RE VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH NOLA, AREN'T YOU, GIGANTO?
YES, ME LOVE HER! IF CRANDALL LAY ONE DIRTY HAND ON HER, I BREAK HEEM TO TINY PIECES!
KNOCK KNOCK!
AWRIGHT! STOP THAT INFERNAL KNOCKIN' AND C'MON IN!

OH, IT'S *YOU!* YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOCK, NOLA! MY DOOR'S ALWAYS OPEN FOR YOU!
I'VE COME FOR MY PAY, MR. CRANDALL!
OOPS! THIS PEN IS LEAKING, MR. CRANDALL! I'M AFRAID I'VE SMUDGED YOUR RECEIPT BOOK!
THAT'S OKAY, HONEY! IF ANYONE ELSE DID IT, I'D TEAR 'EM APART!
RECEIPT
NOLA, Y'DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR THIS MEASLY **SALARY!** I'VE GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH AND IT'S ALL YOURS IF YOU'LL MARRY ME!
NOT INTERESTED, MR. CRANDALL! I ENJOY MY WORK!
DON'T BE SO STUBBORN, HONEY! I'M A NICE GUY!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU BEAST!
WH...??! WHY, YOU...
I LIKE 'EM SPUNKY! HAW HAW!
WHAT HAPPENED, NOLA?
YOU CAN TELL WITHOUT ASKING, SPIKE! SOMEDAY THAT CRANDALL IS GOING TO BE FOUND IN A CONCRETE CASKET!
I'D DO IT MYSELF IF I WEREN'T SO SMALL!
I'LL BET CRANDALL HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS!
ME SEE ENOUGH! NOW I KEEL CRANDALL WITH MY OWN HANDS!
SOB!

ME KILL HIM LIKE MAD DOG! GET OUT OF WAY, FARO!
TAKE IT EASY, GIGANTO! CRANDALL ISN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE YOU'LL GET INTO IF YOU KILL HIM!
YOU RIGHT, FARO... BUT SOMEDAY HE GET IT GOOD!
ATTABOY! WELL, WHEN I GET PAID, I HOPE CRANDALL DOESN'T GET ROUGH WITH ME! I CAN'T PROTECT MYSELF... MUCH!
LATE THAT NIGHT...
WELL, JUST A FEW MORE TO PAY OFF AND THERE'S PLENTY OF GRAVY LEFT OVER! SOMEDAY NOLA WILL CHANGE HER MIND!
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?? WHAT THE...??
YOU! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO...NO!
NO-NO! HELP! YARRRRGH!
MEANWHILE, IN THE PARK CLOSE BY...
LISTEN, MR. TRAPP! YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE ME THE INSIDE DOPE ON THAT NARCOTIC CASE OR MY EDITOR WILL FIRE ME!
YOU CAN QUOTE ME AS SAYING "CRIME DOESN'T PAY!"
HELLLP!
WHAT TH--?? HEY, IT'S COMING FROM THE CARNIVAL!
RIGHT! TAG ALONG AND YOU MAY GOT AN EXCLUSIVE FOR YOUR RAG!
4

THERE'S A LIGHT! LET'S CHECK THAT PLACE FIRST!
IT LOOKS LIKE A CIRCUS PAY-WAGON... BARRED WINDOWS AND ALL!
HOLY SMOKES! IS H--HE...???
RIGHT! DEADER'N A DOORNAIL!
LOOK AT THE BRUISES AROUND HIS NECK! THE GUY WHO CHOKED HIM HAD A PAIR OF MITTS LIKE A VISE!
BUT WHY? ROBBERY WASN'T THE MOTIVE! THAT PAY BOX IS STILL FULL OF CASH!
SOON...
CAN ANYONE OF YOU FOLKS IDENTIFY THIS BODY?
YES! I'LL IDENTIFY HIM! THAT'S BOSS CRANDALL... AND I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD!
LOOK, FOLKS! I'M NOT A POLICEMAN! I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR! I'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER IF YOU DON'T WANT TO!
SHOOT, MISTER! NONE OF US LIKED CRANDALL, SO WE'LL ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS YOU ASK!
YOU'RE OUR LAST HOPE, NOLA! SO FAR THE OTHERS HAVE PERFECT ALIBIS! WHAT KIND OF A GUY WAS CRANDALL?
HE WAS A BEAST, MR. TRAPP! SULLEN, VICIOUS AND ILL-TEMPERED! WE ALL HATED HIM AND NONE OF US ARE SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED!
WHO SAW HIM ALIVE LAST, NOLA?
HMM! I GUESS FARO DID! HE WAS THE LAST PERFORMER TO GET PAID! HE WAS THE LAST TO SIGN THE RECEIPT BOOK!
SPEAK NO MORE, NOLA! THEY TRY TO TRICK YOU! I KEEL CRANDALL! YES, I KEEL HIM!
WHA...? YOU?

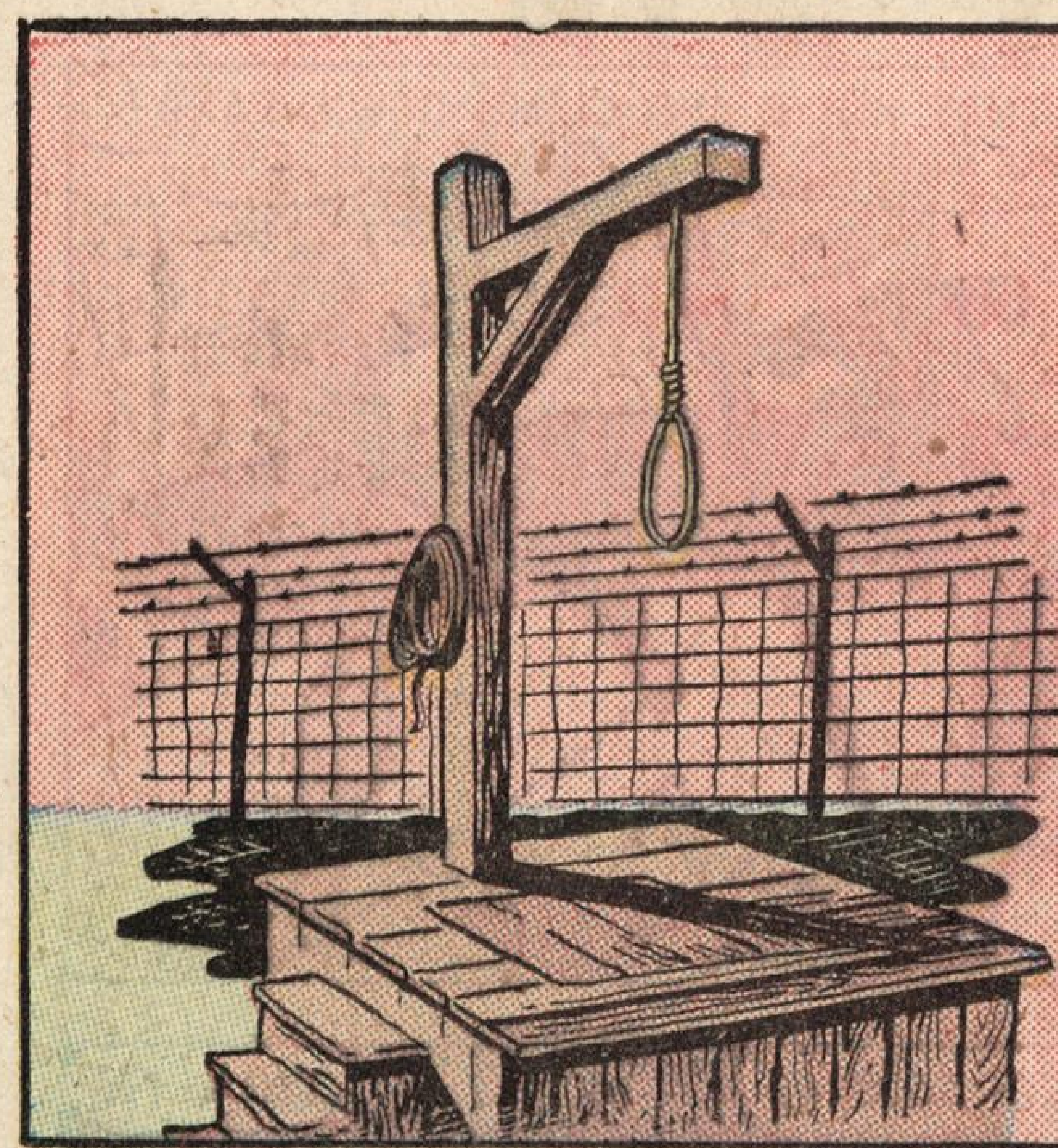
ME LOVE NOLA! TONIGHT CRANDALL TRY TO MOLEST HER AND I GO CRAZEE AND CHOKE HEEM WEETH THESE HANDS!
STOP, GIGANTO! **STOP!** THEY WEREN'T TRYING TO TRICK ME AT ALL!
SORRY, GIGANTO! YOUR STORY DOESN'T FIT INTO THIS PUZZLE AT ALL! I'M SURE NOLA APPRECIATES YOUR SENTIMENTS, HOWEVER!
WH--??
GEE, MR. TRAPP, I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S THE SCORE?
GIGANTO WAS FRONTING FOR NOLA! HE'S INNOCENT, HOWEVER! HE WAS PLAYING CARDS WITH THE TATTOOED MAN ABOUT THE TIME CRANDALL WAS KILLED! LET'S GO BACK TO THE PAY-WAGON!
PRESS CARD
WE KNOW THE MOTIVE WASN'T ROBBERY! WE ALSO KNOW THAT NOBODY COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE PAY-WAGON UNLESS CRANDALL KNEW HIM OR HER!
THAT MEANS THE MURDERER IS ONE OF THOSE PERFORMERS YOU QUESTIONED!
I GUESS ANYONE OF THEM COULD HAVE DONE IT! THEY HATED HIS GUTS!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET BUSY! THE COPS WILL BE SWARMING AROUND HERE ANY MINUTE!
HMM, THIS PEN LEAKS LIKE A SIEVE, AND IT'S INDELIBLE INK BESIDES! THEY ALL USED IT TO SIGN THEIR SIGNATURES!
SO WHAT? IT ONLY MEANS THAT ALL OF THEM WILL HAVE AN INK SMUDGE ON THEIR HANDS!
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO **CATCH** A MURDERER! HERE'S YOUR EXCLUSIVE STORY!
THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY UNPLEASANT, FOLKS! I'M GOING TO POINT OUT ONE OF YOU AS THE MURDERER OF BOSS CRANDALL!
GOOD! ME WANT TO SHAKE HIS HAND!
6

GOT A MATCH, FARO?
YES, I THINK SO!
THANKS, FARO! THAT'S QUITE A TRICK!
IT'S NOTHING, MR. TRAPP! I CAN SHAVE MYSELF AND EVEN WRITE LETTERS WITH MY FEET!
TOO BAD YOU FORGOT TO SIGN THAT PAY VOUCHER WITH YOUR FOOT, FARO! I'M HOLDING **YOU** AS THE **MURDERER** OF BOSS CRANDALL!
WHA--?? ARE YOU CRAZY?
YOU **ARE** CRAZY, MIKE! YOU SAID YOURSELF CRANDALL WAS **CHOKED TO DEATH** BY A POWERFUL PAIR OF **HANDS**!
AND I **STILL** SAY SO! STEP ASIDE, BUSTER!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, TRAPP!
MAYBE NOT ALIVE, BUT I'LL **GET** YOU!
IT'S NO USE, FARO! YOU'RE TRAPPED!
TRAPPED BY TRAPP, EH? SOUNDS GOOD, BUT IT WON'T WORK!
KEEP COMING! YOU'LL **NEVER** REACH THE TOP!
I WARN YOU—QUIT CLIMBING, TRAPP!
I'M COMING AFTER YOU, FARO!

THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
THEY'LL MISS ME TOO!
ZING!
DROP THAT KNIFE AND CLIMB DOWN, FARO! IT'LL GO EASIER WITH YOU IF YOU DO!
C'MON, TRAPP! WE'LL BE BURIED TOGETHER!
DON'T INCLUDE ME IN YOUR PLANS!
MISSED AGAIN!
WHA--??
SWISH!
YIIIIIIIII!
Y-YES--I--KILLED--CRANDALL! HE HAD IT--COMING! I--LOVED--NOLA!
YOU CHOKED HIM TO DEATH, FARO!
JUMPIN' INKWELLS! HE HAS ARMS! BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT, MIKE?
POOR GUY! HE KILLED CRANDALL BUT FORGOT TO SIGN THE PAY VOUCHER WITH HIS FOOT, IN THE EXCITEMENT! HE SIGNED WITH HIS HAND! THERE'S THE INK STAIN ON HIS FINGERS!
PRESS
THE END

BEFORE YOU READ MIKE TRAPP'S SOLUTION, SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF! THEN TURN THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN AND SEE HOW MIKE TRAPP SOLVED THE CRIME!

THE INDELIBLE INK FROM THE LEAKY PEN INVOLVED EVERYONE WHO SIGNED THE PAYROLL VOUCHERS. IF FARO'S **FOOT** HAD SHOWN A SMUDGE WHEN HE LIT MY CIGARETTE, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE CLEAR. **BUT THERE WAS NO SMUDGE ON HIS FOOT!** I FIGURED FARO HAD KILLED CRANDALL AND FORGOT TO SIGN THE VOUCHER. HE RETURNED IMMEDIATELY AND SIGNED WITH HIS **HAND** BY MISTAKE!



BORN TO HANG

RIVER STREET was shrouded in a midnight darkness as Patrolman Eddie Brian strode slowly along the narrow sidewalk. Around him dark warehouses loomed ugly and misshapen. Three months earlier, when first assigned to this lonely beat, Eddie had made his rounds with his hand close to his police special. Now he felt at home in the neighborhood.

The boys at the police station called this section "easy" because there hadn't been an attempt to rob one of the buildings in nearly two years. But tonight Eddie knew things were going to be different. He knew that within a short time, far up the street in back of him, a truck would pull around to the rear of one of the buildings and when it left it would be loaded with a quarter of a million dollars worth of silk. And there wasn't a thing he could do about it!

Eddie's usually square shoulders, fitting snugly into his neat blue uniform, drooped with dejection. His watchful eyes darted down dark alleys and into doorways merely from force of habit. His mind was elsewhere, juggling the words Flick Sampson had spoken earlier in the evening.

"I've got some bad news for you, copper," Flick had sneered. The gang boss had been waiting outside the neat white house where Eddie and his young brother Phil were keeping bachelor quarters until their mother returned from the hospital where she had undergone an operation. Flick was known by the law to be in on every unsavory kind of business in town, from big time robberies to pin ball machines. So far he had never been caught in the act of collecting on his rackets. "Your kid brother has decided to earn himself some real dough. He's joined up with me and the boys. We'll be doing a little business tonight in the Hopkins warehouse. If you don't want to make it rough on the kid you'd better be at the other end of the street between 1:00 and 2:00. Unless you want to play hero and take us in. But remember, if you do, the kid will be with us and think what that would do to your old lady in the hospital."

"Is what Flick says true, Phil?" Eddie had asked when he stopped at the garage where his brother was a mechanic.

"Sure! And why not?" Phil exclaimed angrily. "Between us we hardly make enough dough to keep the house going. And what about Ma's hospital bills. It'll take us years to pay them off."

"And what if Ma finds out? You'll break her heart," Eddie had said.

"She won't know about it unless you come around butting your nose in. Can't you see, Eddie, this one trick will set us on easy street for a while."

"You're more likely to get a slug in the gut, kid," Eddie had warned.

Phil laughed self-consciously, "Shucks, you know us Brian kids were born to be hung."

Those were the troubles weighing Eddie down as he walked along the dark street. He remembered when he and Phil were just kids living in the tough section of town. The chances had been a hundred to one that you would get into trouble in the neighborhood. Luckily neither one of them had made a bad mistake, at least not bad enough to get them into jail, before their mother had scraped up enough money to move out of the neighborhood. She always had said, "I'd rather see a son of mine dead than have him be a thief."

In back of him, far up the street, Eddie could hear the roar of a truck. He tried to close his ears to the sound which died down as the van turned into the alley alongside the Hopkins warehouse.

In his heart he knew that, not only was he letting the force down, but he also was disappointing his mother who had sacrificed so much to bring her kids up right. Could what he

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MARTIN GOODMAN
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STAN LEE
EDITOR

By Kent B. Stiles

A geography and an encyclopaedia are essential tools for the stamp collector who would intelligently pursue his hobby. The newest among the titles of stamp-issuing administrations is "Tokelau Islands." The answers to the question "What and where are the Tokelau Islands?" probably could not have been correctly given by one in a million persons prior to a recent day when the postal authorities of New Zealand announced that, for the first time, special stamps are to be issued for use by the people who inhabit those islands.

That announcement caused collectors to do some research, because future stamp albums will provide spaces for these promised bits of postal paper: half-penny chocolate and violet, a village scene on Atafu; 1p brown and blue-green a hut on Nukunono; and 2p green and blue, a village scene on Fakaofo.

Atlases and other reference works show that Atafu, Nukunono and Fakaofo are tiny atolls lying 350 miles northeast of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean. Together they form the Tokelau (Union) Islands, seven miles square in area and with a population of about 2,000. Great Britain transferred Tokelau to New Zealand in 1926 and the islands have since been administered under the authority of Western Samoa, which is a territory controlled by New Zealand.

The Tokelau stamps are being printed in London, and it was stated at Wellington, capital of New Zealand, that the series would be made available probably in December, although it will be early in 1948 before the stamps are actually placed in use in the Tokelau Islands.

The New Zealand postal officials announced also that 1p, 2p and 6p stamps, and probably a 3p, are to be issued to commemorate the centennial of New Zealand's Otago Province. It was in 1848 that English emigrants arrived in Otago's Port Chalmers Harbor and settled there.

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was doing be the correct thing? He wondered. If the gang got away with the silk he was sure to be suspended for neglect of duty, but at least his mother wouldn't know anything about Phil's part in the robbery. Yet, she had always said, "I'd rather see a son of mine dead . . ."

Suddenly Eddie knew what he had to do. There was no other way. His shoulders squared.

He had reached the far end of the street now. As he turned the corner he loosened his special in its holster. He moved quickly to the alley which backed the warehouses for the whole block. A few moments later he was skirting the truck the gang had parked at the loading platform of the Hopkins building. Inside he could hear the slight noise the gang made as they moved about. He approached the door and peeked in. Lying on the floor close by was the watchman tied hand and foot and gagged. By a dim light Eddie saw Flick and a baldheaded character working over packing cases, opening each one to be sure they got only the most expensive goods. Phil was nowhere in sight. A cold sweat broke out on Eddie's face. He knew that in the showdown he would have no choice but to treat Phil the same as Flick and the others, bullet for bullet. He raised his gun and stepped forward.

"Okay, copper, that's far enough," a voice grated in his ear and he felt the working end of a gun against his ribs. "Drop it," the voice ordered. Eddie let his revolver drop to the floor.

Flick and Baldy had grabbed their guns at the sound of voices. Now the gang leader stepped forward. There was a nasty grin on his face. "Couldn't keep your nose out of this could you, flat foot? Well, you asked for it. Take him out back, Joe. You know what to do," Flick ordered.

A feeling of desperation swept over Eddie as Joe poked him with the gun towards the depth of the warehouse. It was better to go down fighting than to be cut down in cold blood. After all, he was a member of the toughest police force in the country and, too, he was a Brian and a Brian never fell down on his job.

With a sudden disregard for his life he spun around on his heels, pushing the threatening gun aside with one hand and landing a punch with the other. Joe fingered a shot into the darkness before going down and out, dropping the gun which Eddie scooped up as he dived behind a packing case. In a second the wooden case was shattered by lead as Flick and Baldy opened fire. As he exchanged shots with the gangsters Eddie couldn't help but wonder where Phil was. Keeping low he slid along the floor until he came to a crack between a row of boxes. With his first shot he saw Baldy double up and fall forward. Then there was silence from where Flick should have been. Eddie felt a prickling sensation run up and down his spine as he realized he had been tricked. Flick was in back of him. He was a dead duck.

"Lookout, Eddie!" A harsh voice cut through the stillness. As he threw himself to the side he caught a quick glimpse of Flick a dozen feet away with gun raised. But Flick was looking toward the doorway leading to the loading platform where Phil stood with a gun in his hand. Eddie saw the shirt Phil wore was bloody. Phil squeezed the trigger of his gun and Flick slowly slid to the floor, a large hole having appeared between his eyes.

"I couldn't go through with it, Eddie," Phil gasped as Eddie knelt beside him. "I told Flick I wouldn't, so he had Joe plug me. They thought I was through and left me in the truck." He stopped and coughed. "And don't worry about me, Eddie, I'll be all right. They didn't know you can't kill a Brian with lead," Phil gave a small laugh, "we were born to be hung."

THE END 2326

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Official True Crime Cases Comics published Quarterly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Official True Crime Cases Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Official Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Official Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

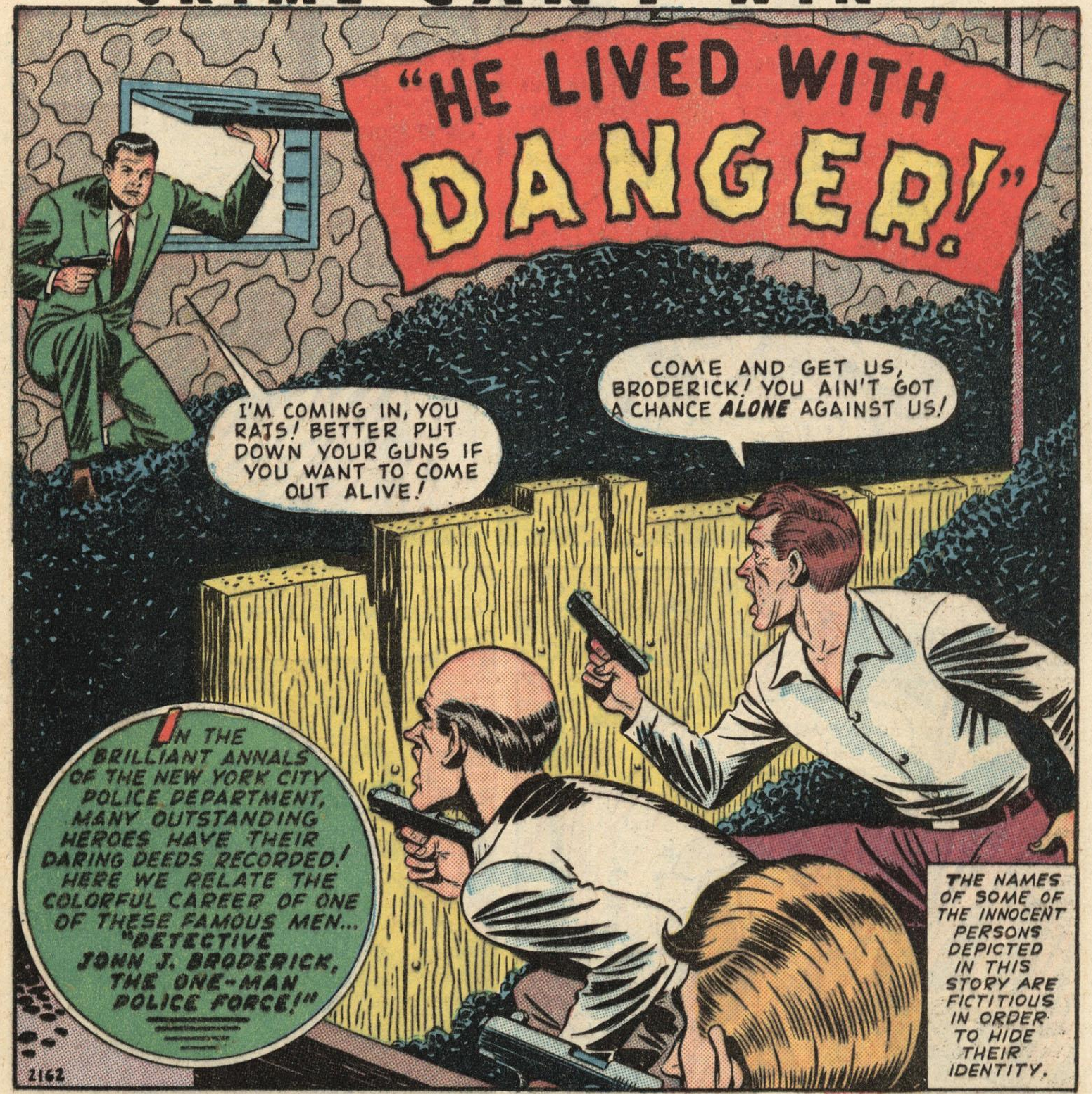
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1947.

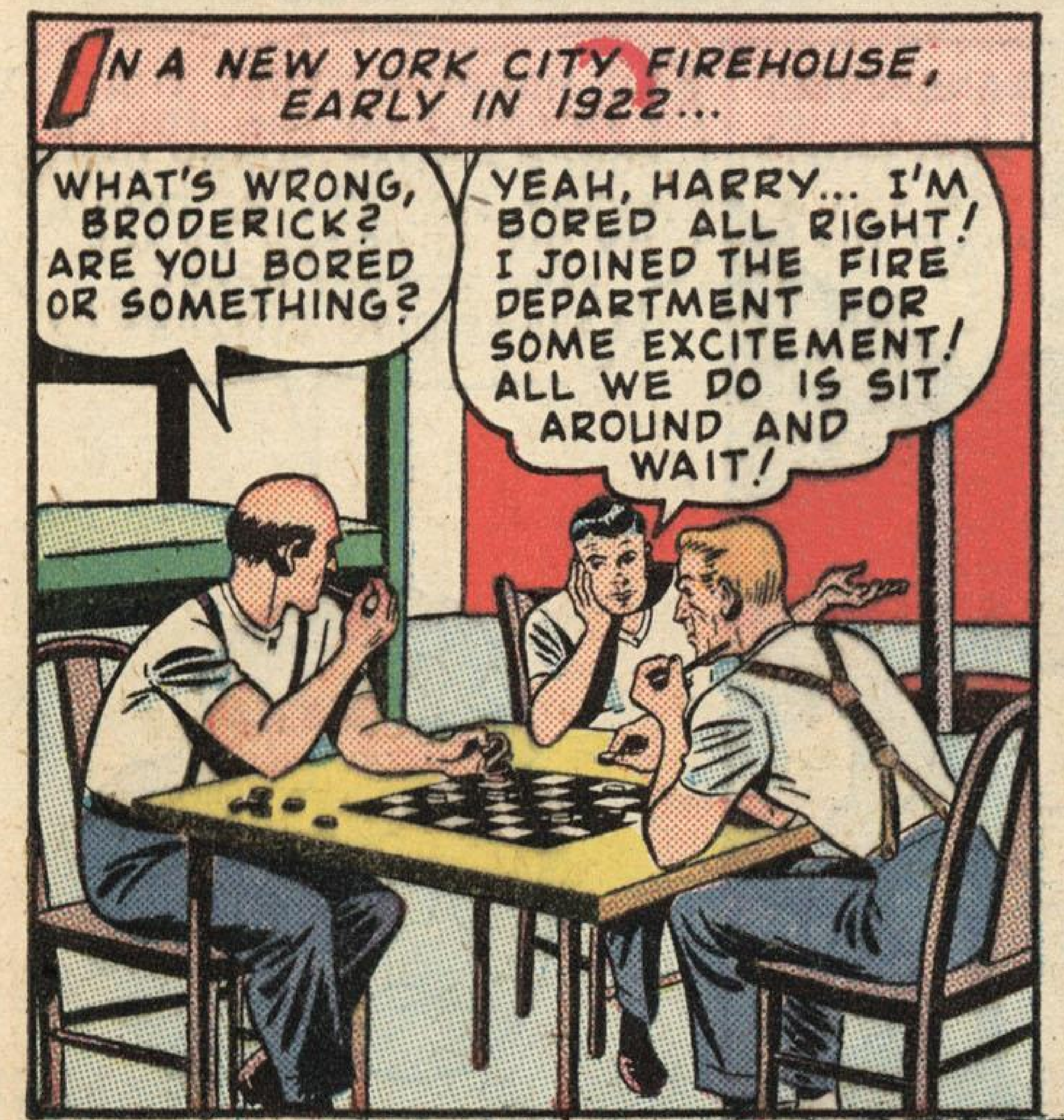
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

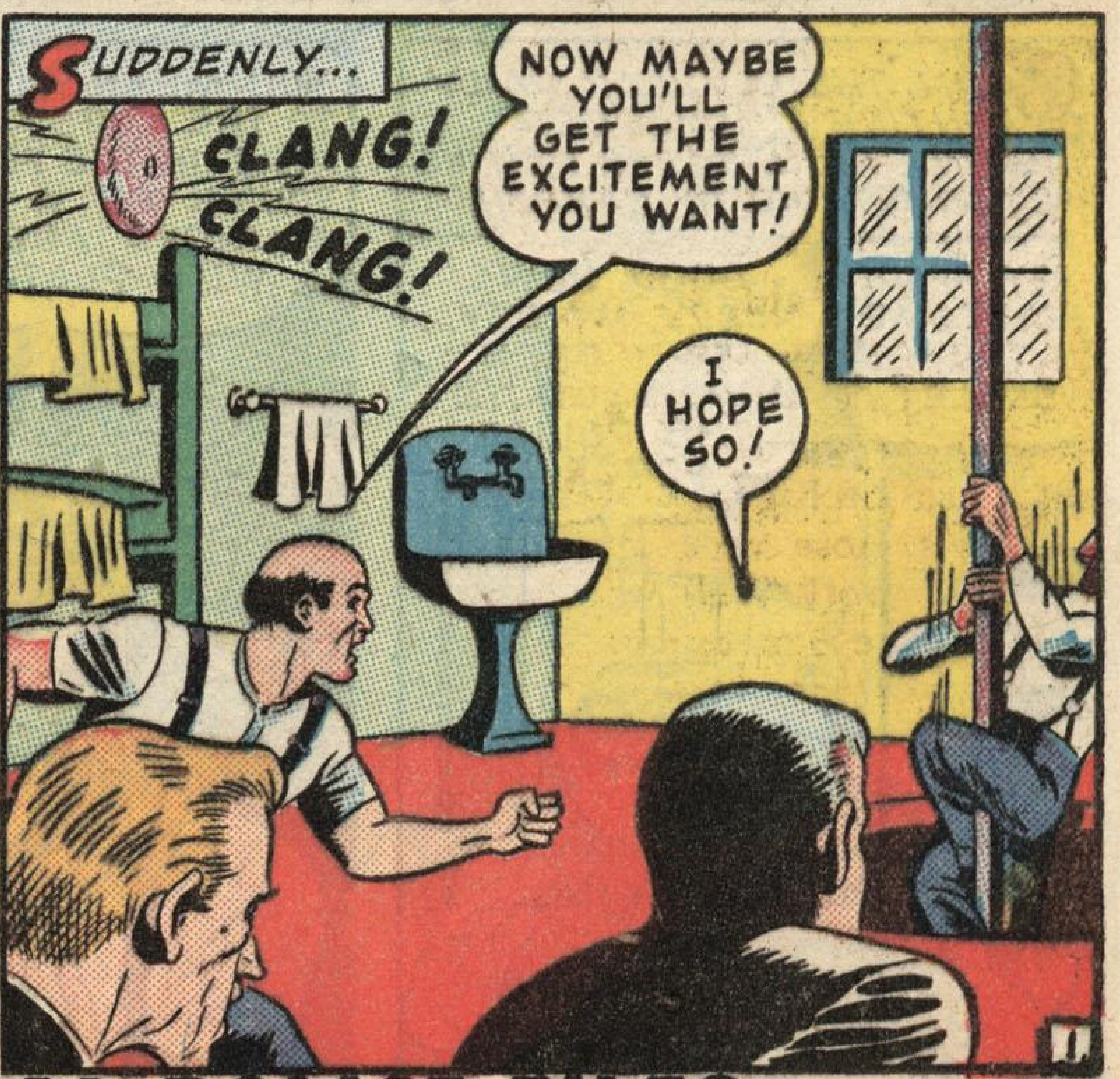
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

CRIME CAN'T WIN

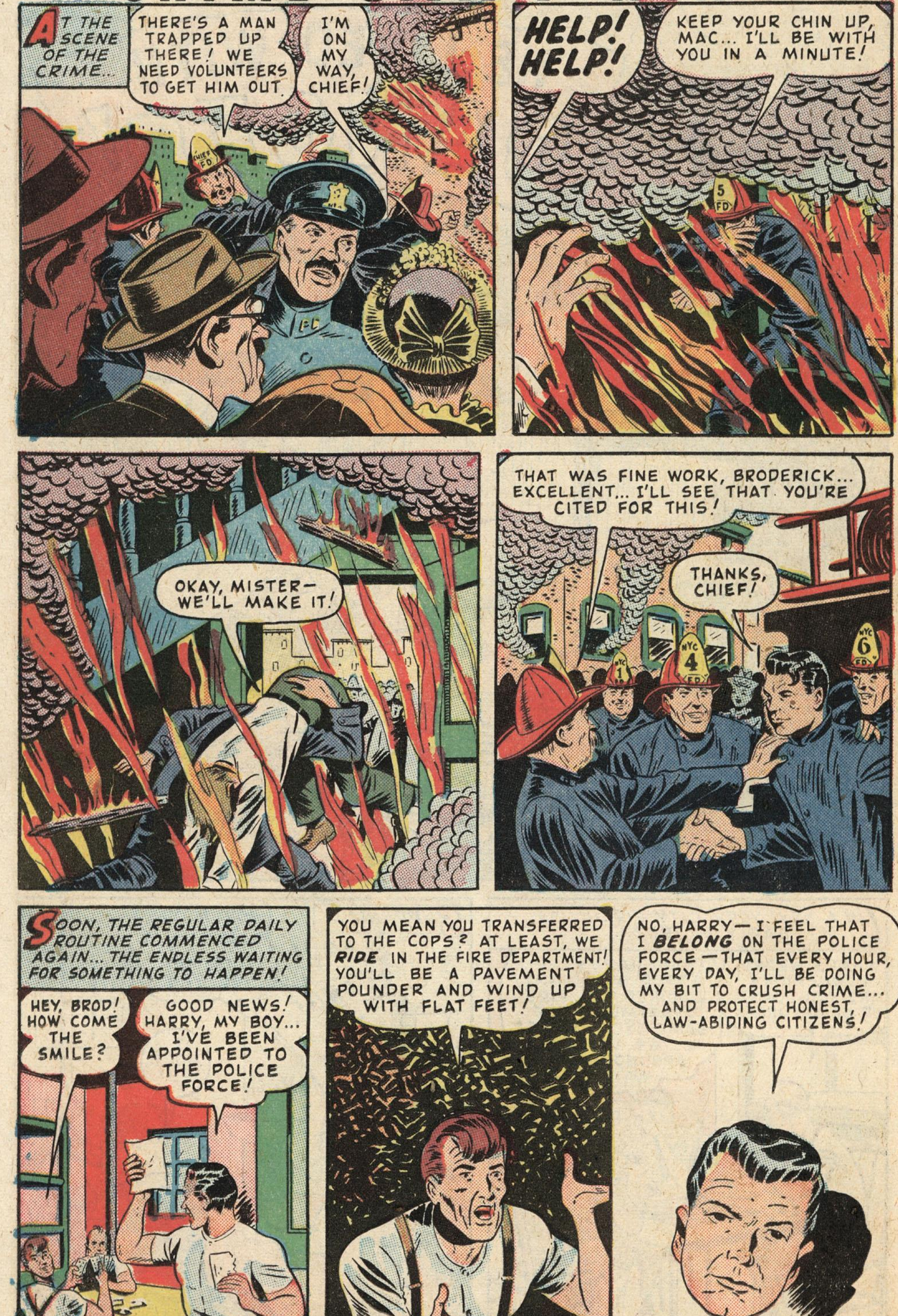
"HE LIVED WITH DANGER!"

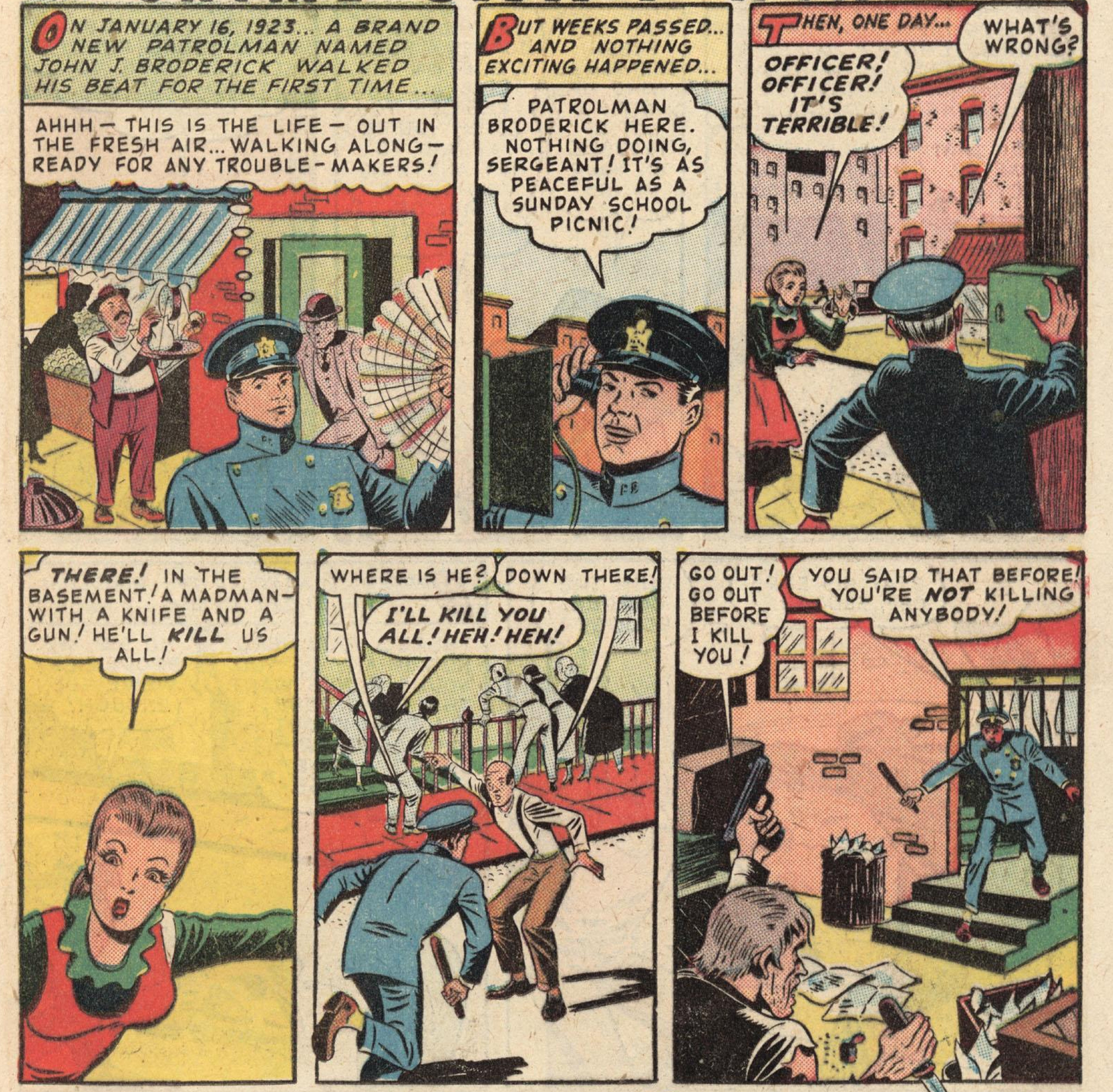

I'M COMING IN, YOU RATS! BETTER PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS IF YOU WANT TO COME OUT ALIVE!
COME AND GET US, BRODERICK! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE *ALONE* AGAINST US!
IN THE BRILLIANT ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, MANY OUTSTANDING HEROES HAVE THEIR DARING DEEDS RECORDED! HERE WE RELATE THE COLORFUL CAREER OF ONE OF THESE FAMOUS MEN... "DETECTIVE JOHN J. BRODERICK, THE ONE-MAN POLICE FORCE!"
THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2162

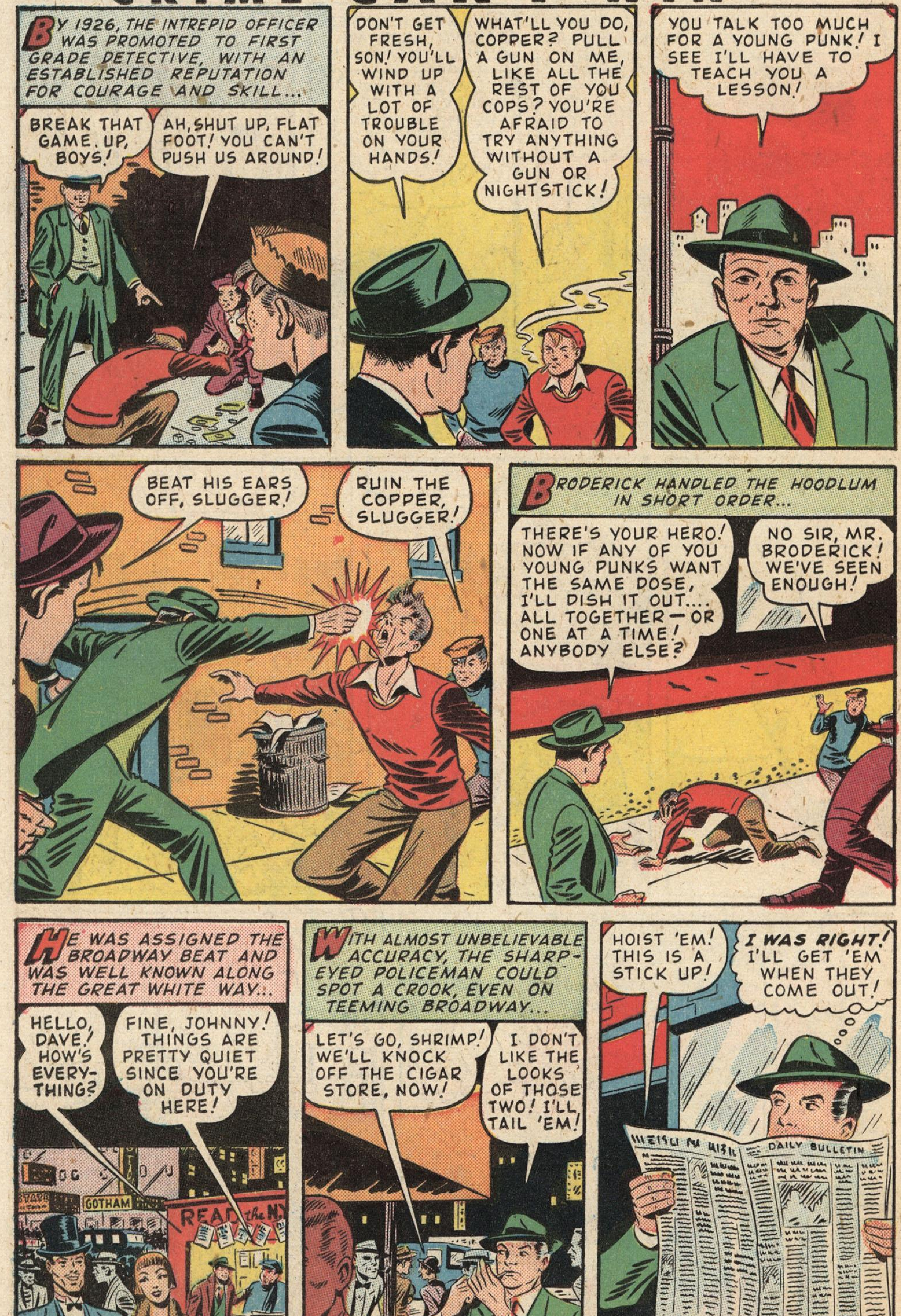

IN A NEW YORK CITY FIREHOUSE, EARLY IN 1922...
WHAT'S WRONG, BRODERICK? ARE YOU BORED OR SOMETHING?
YEAH, HARRY... I'M BORED ALL RIGHT! I JOINED THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FOR SOME EXCITEMENT! ALL WE DO IS SIT AROUND AND WAIT!


SUDDENLY...
CLANG!
CLANG!
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL GET THE EXCITEMENT YOU WANT!
I HOPE SO!
1

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES


At the scene of the crime..
THERE'S A MAN TRAPPED UP THERE! WE NEED VOLUNTEERS TO GET HIM OUT.
I'M ON MY WAY, CHIEF!
CHIEF FD
HELP! HELP!
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, MAC... I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!
5 FD
OKAY, MISTER— WE'LL MAKE IT!
THAT WAS FINE WORK, BRODERICK... EXCELLENT... I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE CITED FOR THIS!
THANKS, CHIEF!
NYC 1
NYC 4 FD
NYC 6 FD
Soon, the regular daily routine commenced again... the endless waiting for something to happen!
HEY, BROD! HOW COME THE SMILE?
GOOD NEWS! HARRY, MY BOY... I'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO THE POLICE FORCE!
YOU MEAN YOU TRANSFERRED TO THE COPS? AT LEAST, WE RIDE IN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! YOU'LL BE A PAVEMENT POUNDER AND WIND UP WITH FLAT FEET!
NO, HARRY— I FEEL THAT I BELONG ON THE POLICE FORCE —THAT EVERY HOUR, EVERY DAY, I'LL BE DOING MY BIT TO CRUSH CRIME... AND PROTECT HONEST, LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS!


ON JANUARY 16, 1923.. A BRAND NEW PATROLMAN NAMED JOHN J. BRODERICK WALKED HIS BEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME...
AHHH — THIS IS THE LIFE — OUT IN THE FRESH AIR... WALKING ALONG — READY FOR ANY TROUBLE-MAKERS!
BUT WEEKS PASSED... AND NOTHING EXCITING HAPPENED...
PATROLMAN BRODERICK HERE. NOTHING DOING, SERGEANT! IT'S AS PEACEFUL AS A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC!
THEN, ONE DAY...
OFFICER! OFFICER! IT'S TERRIBLE!
WHAT'S WRONG?
THERE! IN THE BASEMENT! A MADMAN — WITH A KNIFE AND A GUN! HE'LL KILL US ALL!
WHERE IS HE?
DOWN THERE!
I'LL KILL YOU ALL! HEH! HEH!
GO OUT! GO OUT BEFORE I KILL YOU!
YOU SAID THAT BEFORE! YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYBODY!
I WARNED YOU! NOW I'LL...
YOU'LL NOTHING!
LATER!
JOHNNY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
GOSH — HE DROPPED HIM WITH HIS BARE FISTS! WHY DID YOU RUN SUCH A RISK?
IT WOULD BE A PITY TO SHOOT HIM — THE POOR SOUL IS OUT OF HIS MIND!
3


BY 1926, THE INTREPID OFFICER WAS PROMOTED TO FIRST GRADE DETECTIVE, WITH AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION FOR COURAGE AND SKILL...
BREAK THAT GAME UP, BOYS!
AH, SHUT UP, FLAT FOOT! YOU CAN'T PUSH US AROUND!
DON'T GET FRESH, SON! YOU'LL WIND UP WITH A LOT OF TROUBLE ON YOUR HANDS!
WHAT'LL YOU DO, COPPER? PULL A GUN ON ME, LIKE ALL THE REST OF YOU COPS? YOU'RE AFRAID TO TRY ANYTHING WITHOUT A GUN OR NIGHTSTICK!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH FOR A YOUNG PUNK! I SEE I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!
BEAT HIS EARS OFF, SLUGGER!
RUIN THE COPPER, SLUGGER!
BRODERICK HANDLED THE HOODLUM IN SHORT ORDER...
THERE'S YOUR HERO! NOW IF ANY OF YOU YOUNG PUNKS WANT THE SAME DOSE, I'LL DISH IT OUT... ALL TOGETHER—OR ONE AT A TIME! ANYBODY ELSE?
NO SIR, MR. BRODERICK! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH!
HE WAS ASSIGNED THE BROADWAY BEAT AND WAS WELL KNOWN ALONG THE GREAT WHITE WAY...
HELLO, DAVE! HOW'S EVERYTHING?
FINE, JOHNNY! THINGS ARE PRETTY QUIET SINCE YOU'RE ON DUTY HERE!
GOTHAM
READ the NY
WITH ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ACCURACY, THE SHARP-EYED POLICEMAN COULD SPOT A CROOK, EVEN ON TEEMING BROADWAY...
LET'S GO, SHRIMP! WE'LL KNOCK OFF THE CIGAR STORE, NOW!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO! I'LL TAIL 'EM!
HOIST 'EM! THIS IS A STICK UP!
I WAS RIGHT! I'LL GET 'EM WHEN THEY COME OUT!
DAILY BULLETIN

MOVE OUT, LEFTY! DON'T GIVE NO ALARM, POP— OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YA!
REAL TOUGH PUNKS!
CIG
ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BLASTING!
ULP!
UGH!
JOHNNY! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME! HOW DID YOU KNOW?
EASY, ABE, EASY— MY NOSE IS EDUCATED! I SMELL THESE SKUNKS OUT ANYWHERE!
SO IT WENT! THEN, ONE DAY, LATE IN 1926...
HOP IN, BRODERICK! JAILBREAK AT THE TOMBS! WARDEN'S BEEN SHOT! THREE OF THE CONS ARE HOLED UP IN A COAL BIN... LOADED WITH GUNS AND AMMO!
OKAY, BOYS— LET'S GO!
AT THE TOMBS..
WE CAN'T RUSH EM, JOHN! THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE MAN AT A TIME TO GET DOWN IN THAT COAL BIN! THOSE CONS CAN PICK OUR BOYS OFF AT WILL!
I SEE, LIEUTENANT! I'LL GO!
WILL YOU LET ME HAVE ANOTHER REVOLVER, SIR? I'LL NEED THE EXTRA FIRE-POWER!
OF COURSE, JOHN!
THERE GOES A BRAVE MAN! I WISH HIM ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!
HE'LL NEED IT!
BOLDLY, THE GALLANT DETECTIVE ADVANCED BEHIND A FUSILLADE OF PISTOL BULLETS!
BETTER COME OUT! I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU! IT'S YOU OR ME!

BEHIND THEIR BARRIER, CROUCHING LIKE HUNTED BEASTS, THE THREE CONVICTS HEARD BRODERICK!
IT'S BRODERICK! HE WON'T GIVE US A CHANCE!
I AIN'T FACING HIM!
SUDDENLY, THREE SHOTS CAME FROM THE CONVICTS, AND THEN SILENCE!
I WONDER WHAT'S UP?
BANG! BANG! BANG!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE RATS KNOCKED THEMSELVES OFF! THEY COULD DISH IT OUT— BUT THEY COULDN'T TAKE IT!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN! YOU DID A SWELL JOB!
IT WASN'T WHAT I DID, SIR! IT'S THAT ALL CROOKS ARE YELLOW— AND WHEN THE HEAT'S REALLY ON, THEY CRACK!
FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR YEARS, DETECTIVE JOHN J. BRODERICK HAS ALWAYS RISKED HIS OWN LIFE TO SAFEGUARD THE LAW...
NOW HE HAS RETIRED FROM ACTIVE DUTY, AFTER A LONG, COLORFUL SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY...
WELL DONE, BRODERICK! I ALSO REMEMBER THE DAY WHEN YOU WERE THE FIRST MAN TO COLLAR TWO-GUN CROWLEY!
THANK YOU, SIR! I DON'T REGRET ONE MINUTE OF THE TIME I SPENT ON THE FORCE!
TODAY, DETERMINED YOUNG MEN STAND READY TO FILL HIS PLACE! PLEDGED TO CRUSH CRIME WHEREVER IT LIFTS ITS HEAD!
6
THE END

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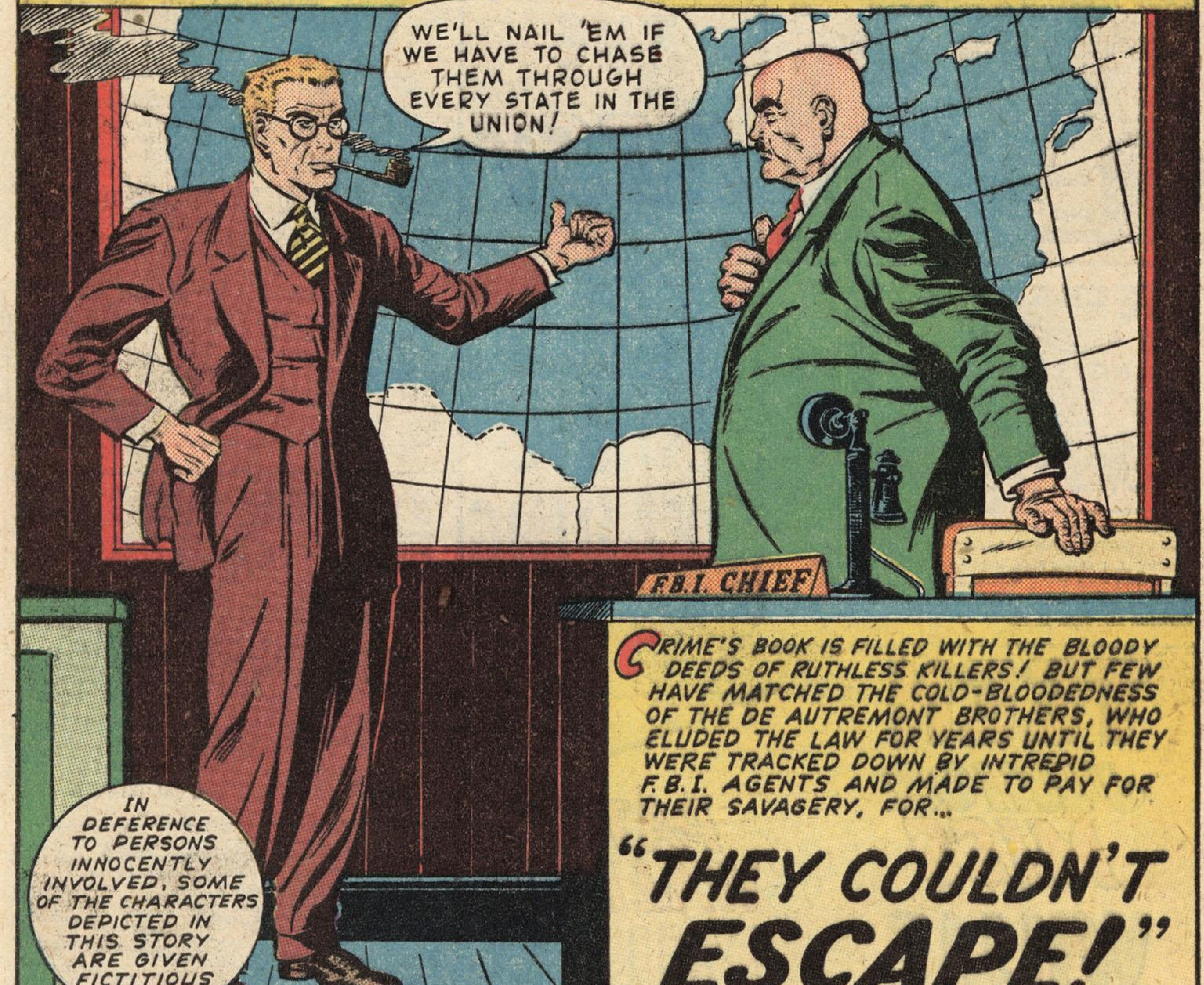
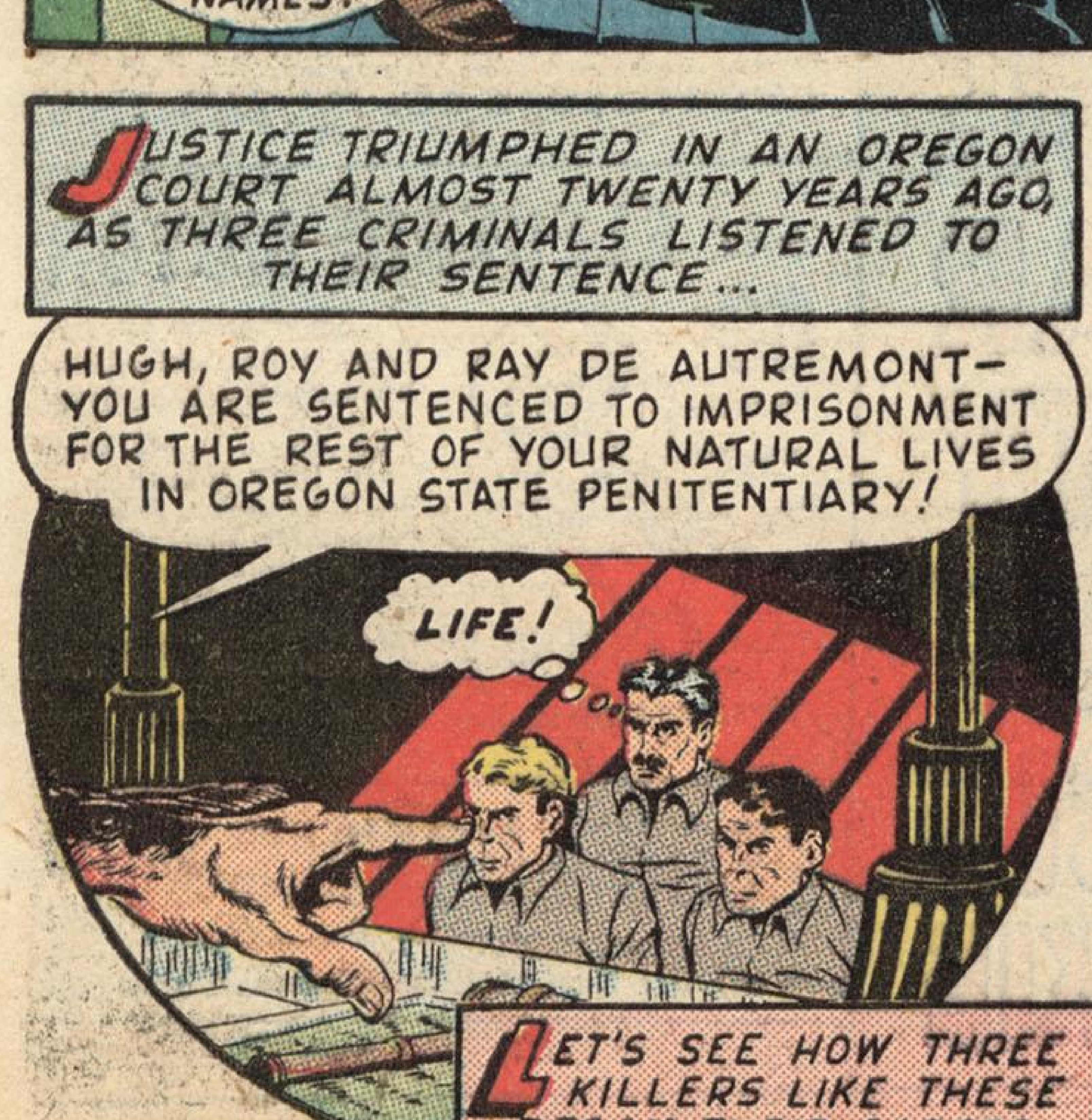
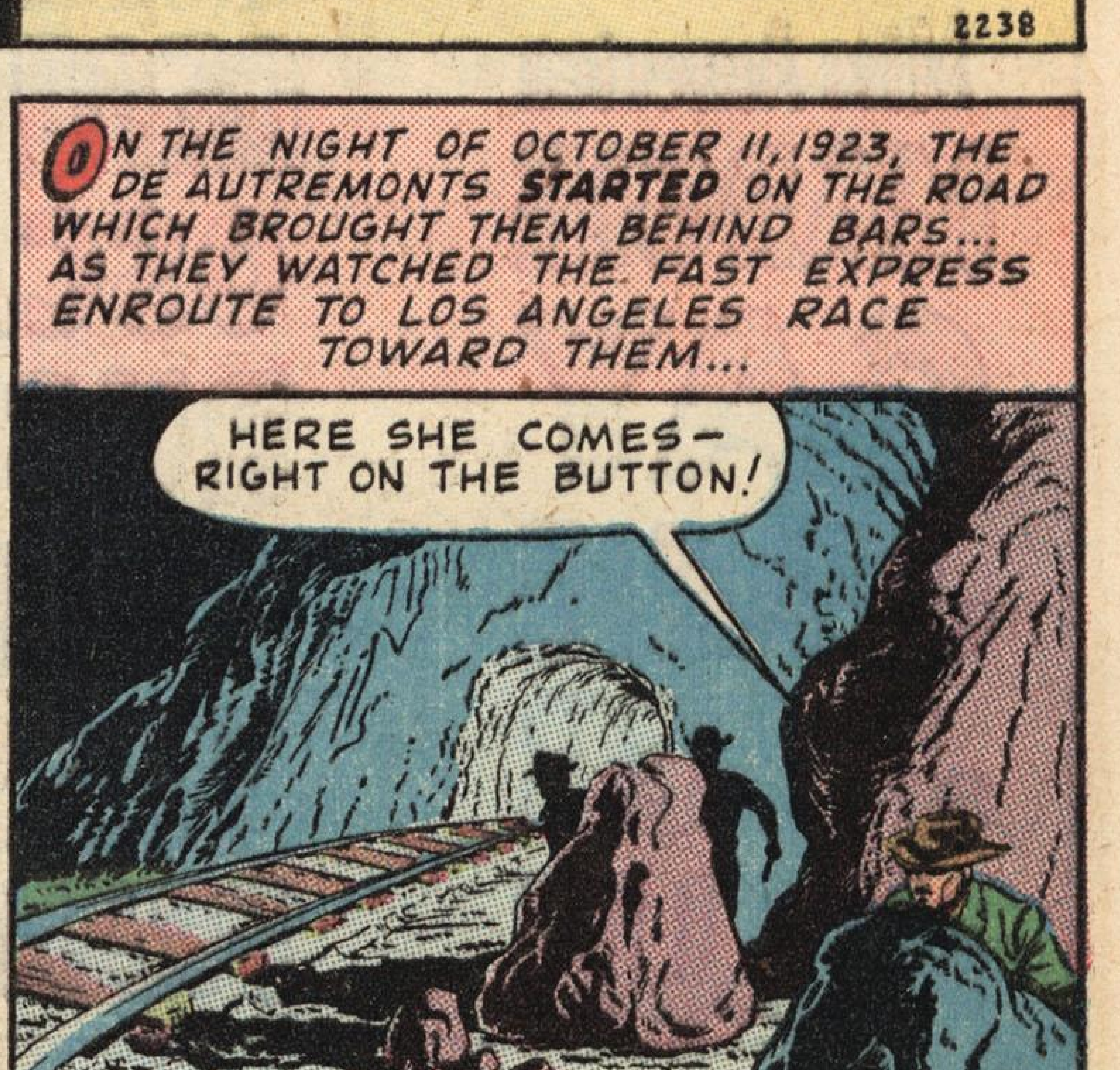
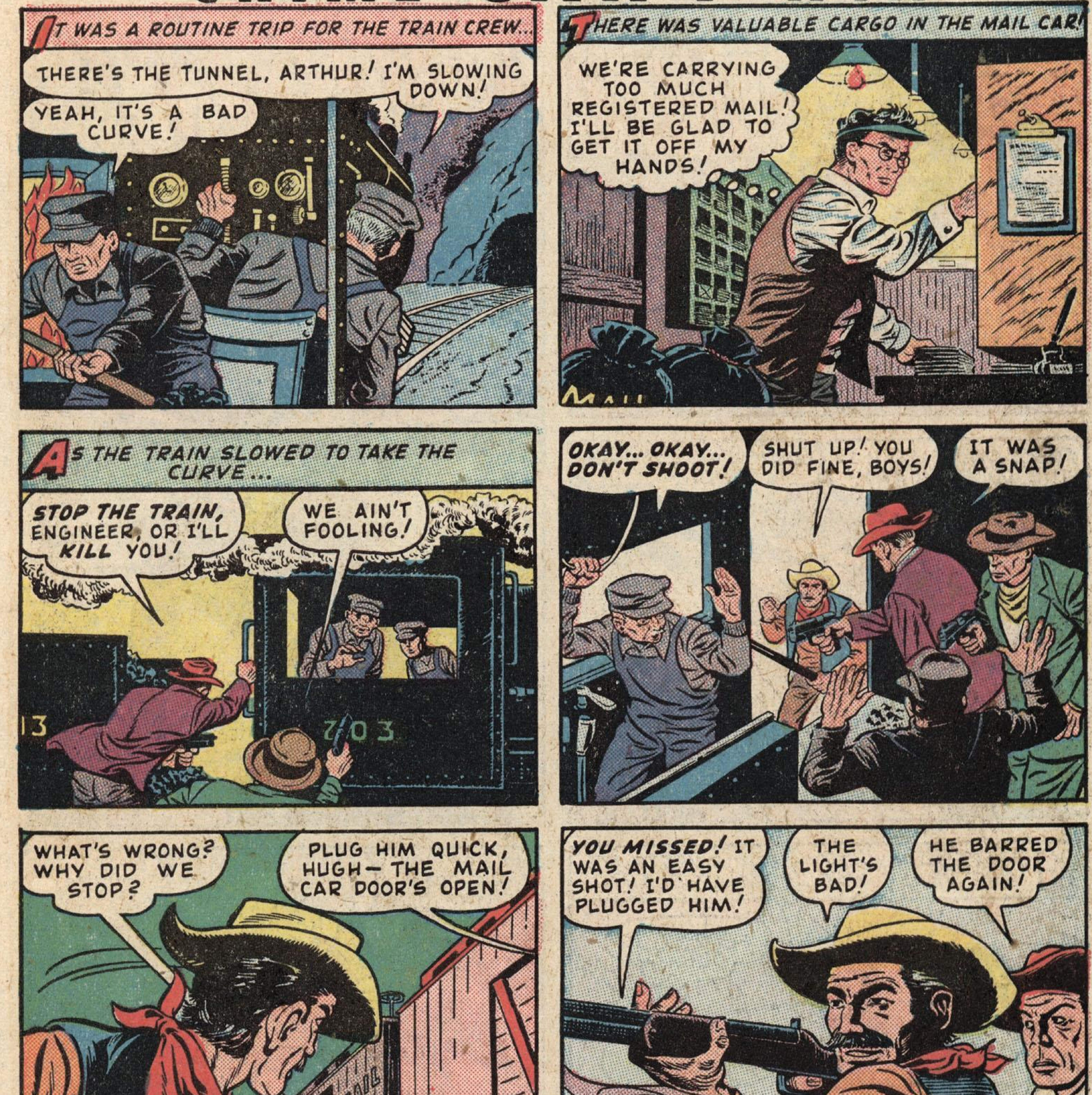
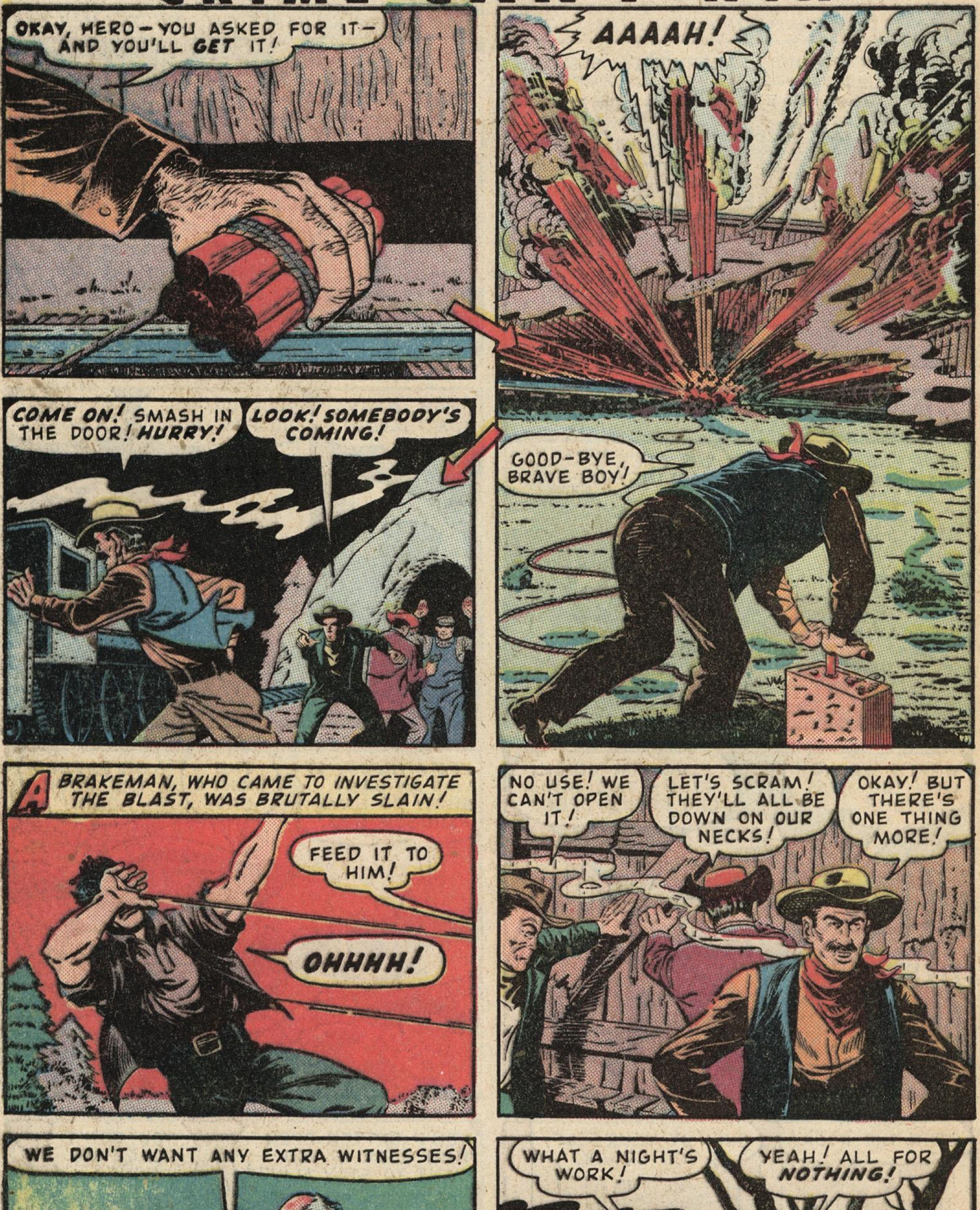
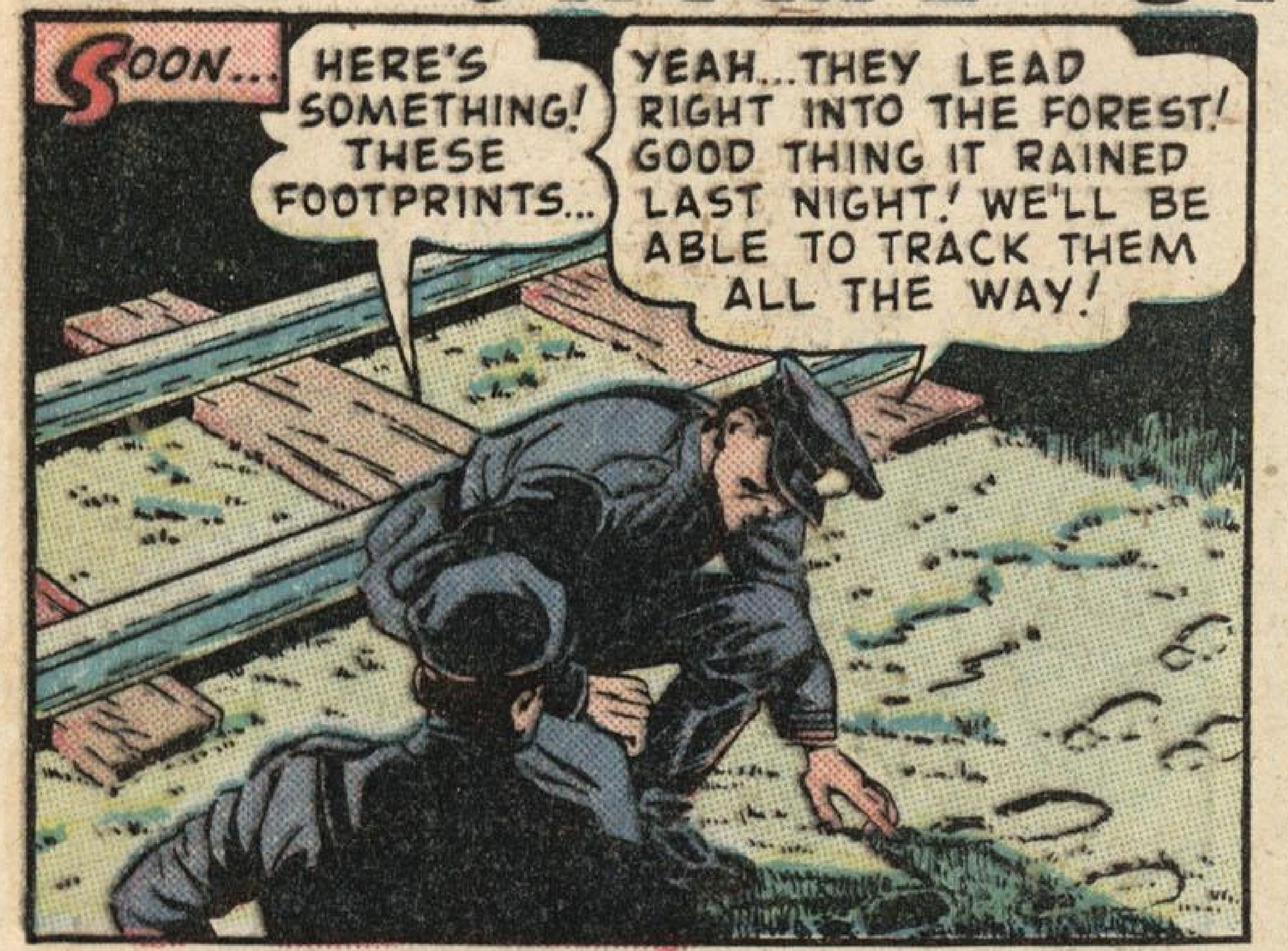

WE'LL NAIL 'EM IF WE HAVE TO CHASE THEM THROUGH EVERY STATE IN THE UNION!
F.B.I. CHIEF
CRIME'S BOOK IS FILLED WITH THE BLOODY DEEDS OF RUTHLESS KILLERS! BUT FEW HAVE MATCHED THE COLD-BLOODEDNESS OF THE DE AUTREMONT BROTHERS, WHO ELUDED THE LAW FOR YEARS UNTIL THEY WERE TRACKED DOWN BY INTREPID F.B.I. AGENTS AND MADE TO PAY FOR THEIR SAVAGERY, FOR...
"THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE!"
IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.
2238

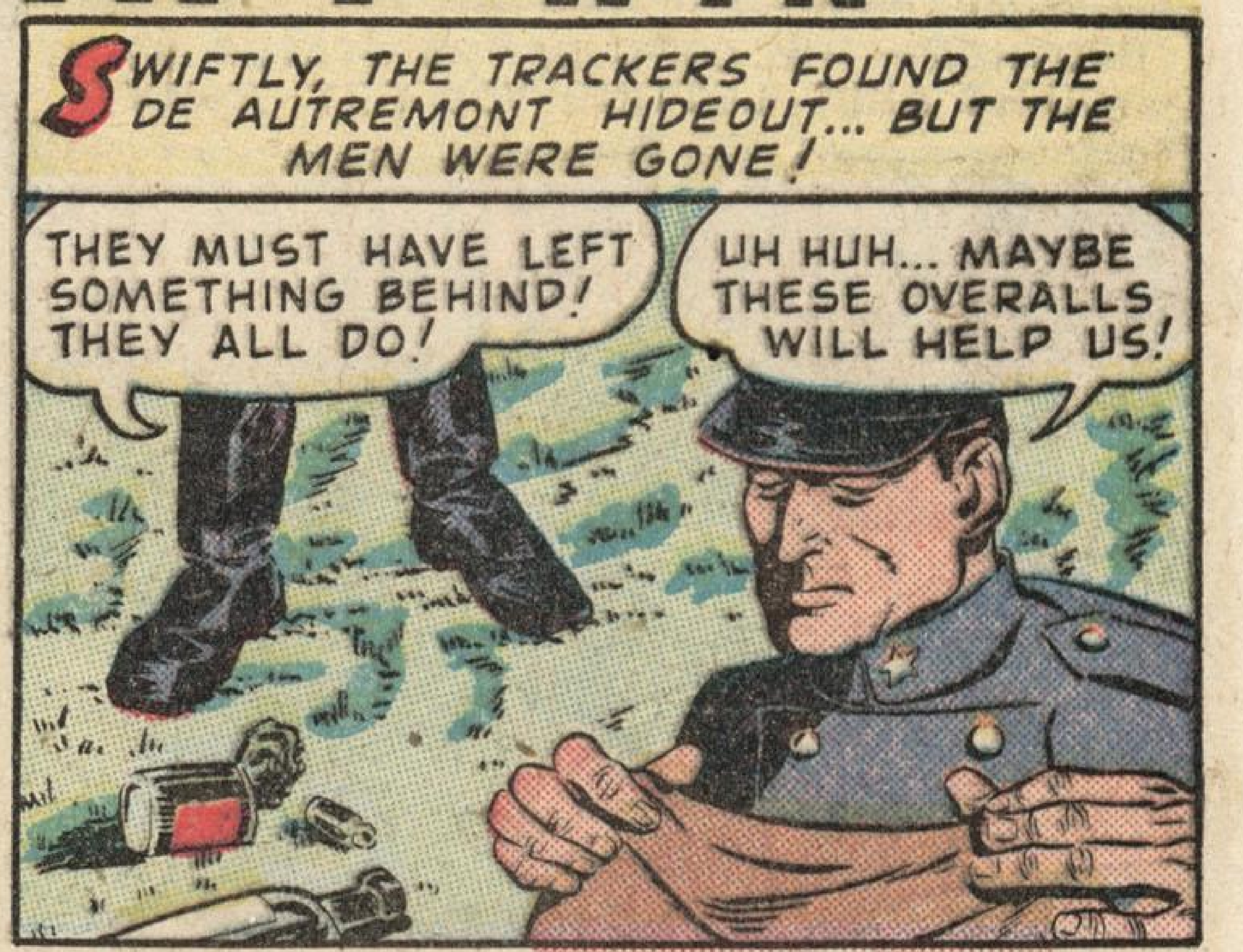

JUSTICE TRIUMPHED IN AN OREGON COURT ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO, AS THREE CRIMINALS LISTENED TO THEIR SENTENCE...
HUGH, ROY AND RAY DE AUTREMONT—YOU ARE SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIVES IN OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY!
LIFE!
LET'S SEE HOW THREE KILLERS LIKE THESE BEGAN THEIR CAREER...

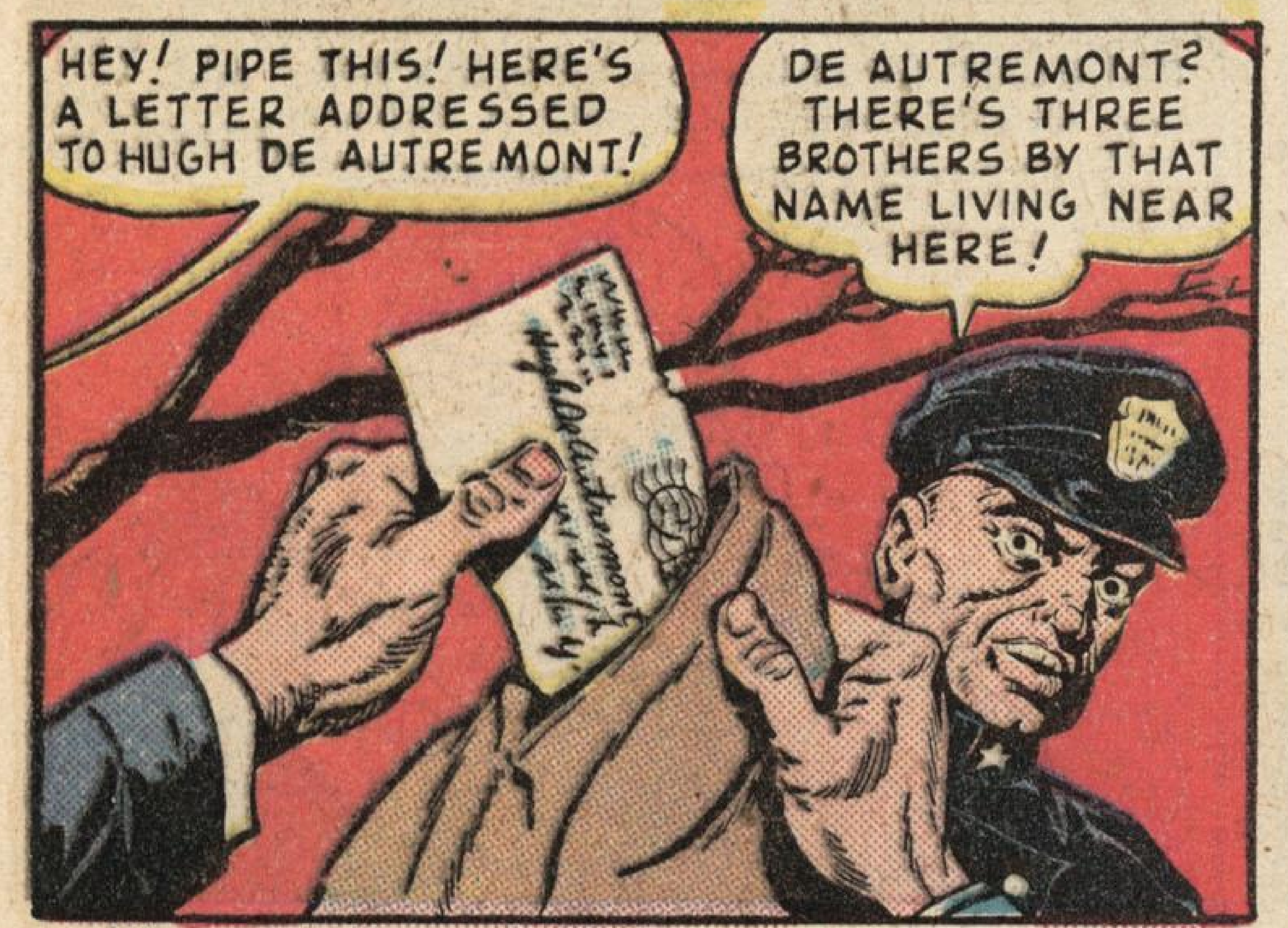

ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 11, 1923, THE DE AUTREMONTS **STARTED** ON THE ROAD WHICH BROUGHT THEM BEHIND BARS... AS THEY WATCHED THE FAST EXPRESS ENROUTE TO LOS ANGELES RACE TOWARD THEM...
HERE SHE COMES—RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
1

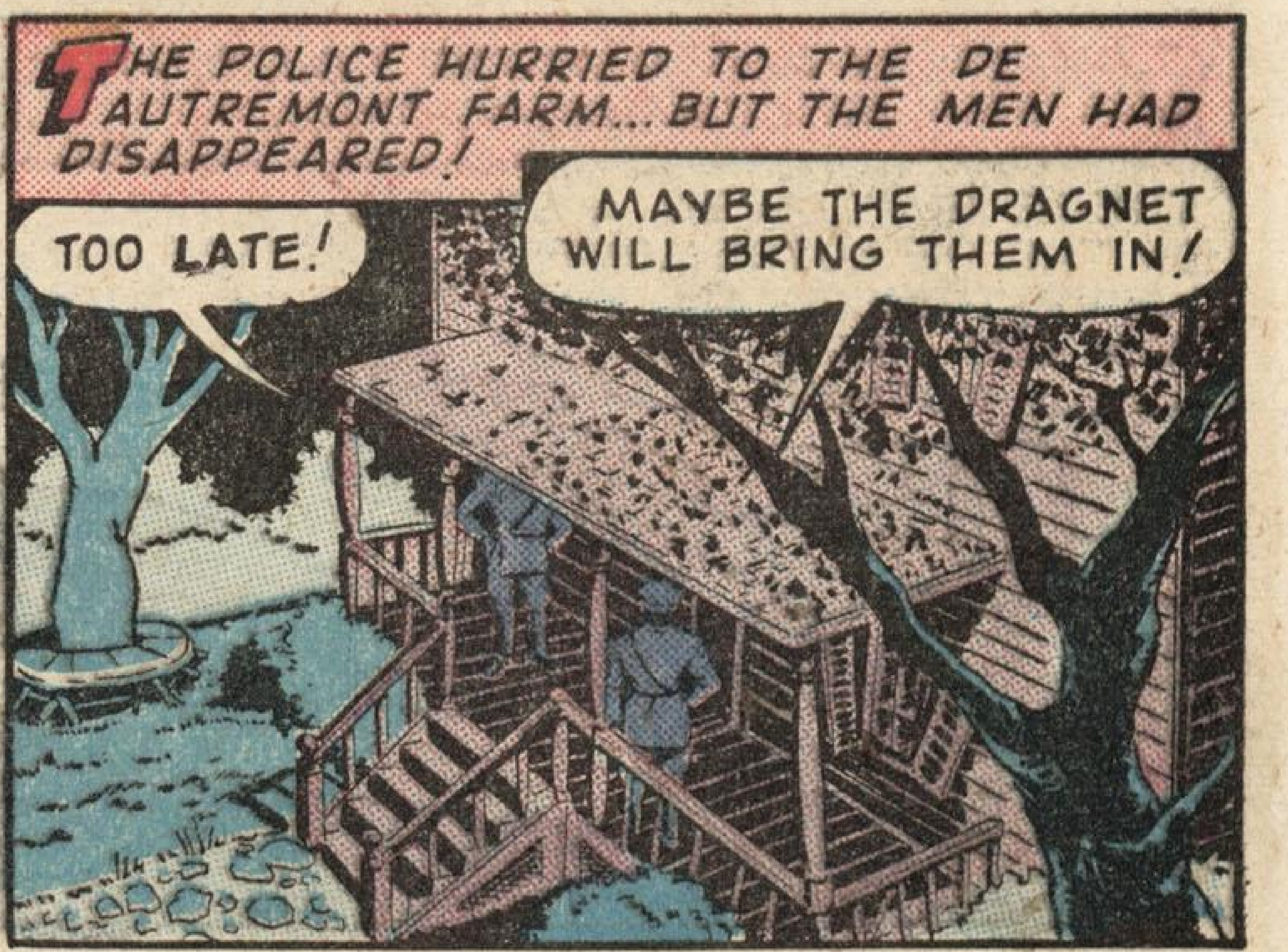

IT WAS A ROUTINE TRIP FOR THE TRAIN CREW...
THERE'S THE TUNNEL, ARTHUR! I'M SLOWING DOWN!
YEAH, IT'S A BAD CURVE!
THERE WAS VALUABLE CARGO IN THE MAIL CAR!
WE'RE CARRYING TOO MUCH REGISTERED MAIL! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET IT OFF MY HANDS!
MAIL
AS THE TRAIN SLOWED TO TAKE THE CURVE...
STOP THE TRAIN, ENGINEER, OR I'LL KILL YOU!
WE AIN'T FOOLING!
13
703
OKAY... OKAY... DON'T SHOOT!
SHUT UP! YOU DID FINE, BOYS!
IT WAS A SNAP!
WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DID WE STOP?
PLUG HIM QUICK, HUGH— THE MAIL CAR DOOR'S OPEN!
MAIL
YOU MISSED! IT WAS AN EASY SHOT! I'D HAVE PLUGGED HIM!
THE LIGHT'S BAD!
HE BARRED THE DOOR AGAIN!
OPEN THE DOOR!
OPEN IT YOURSELF, YOU CROOK!
MAIL
YOU'D BETTER OPEN THAT DOOR IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME NONE!

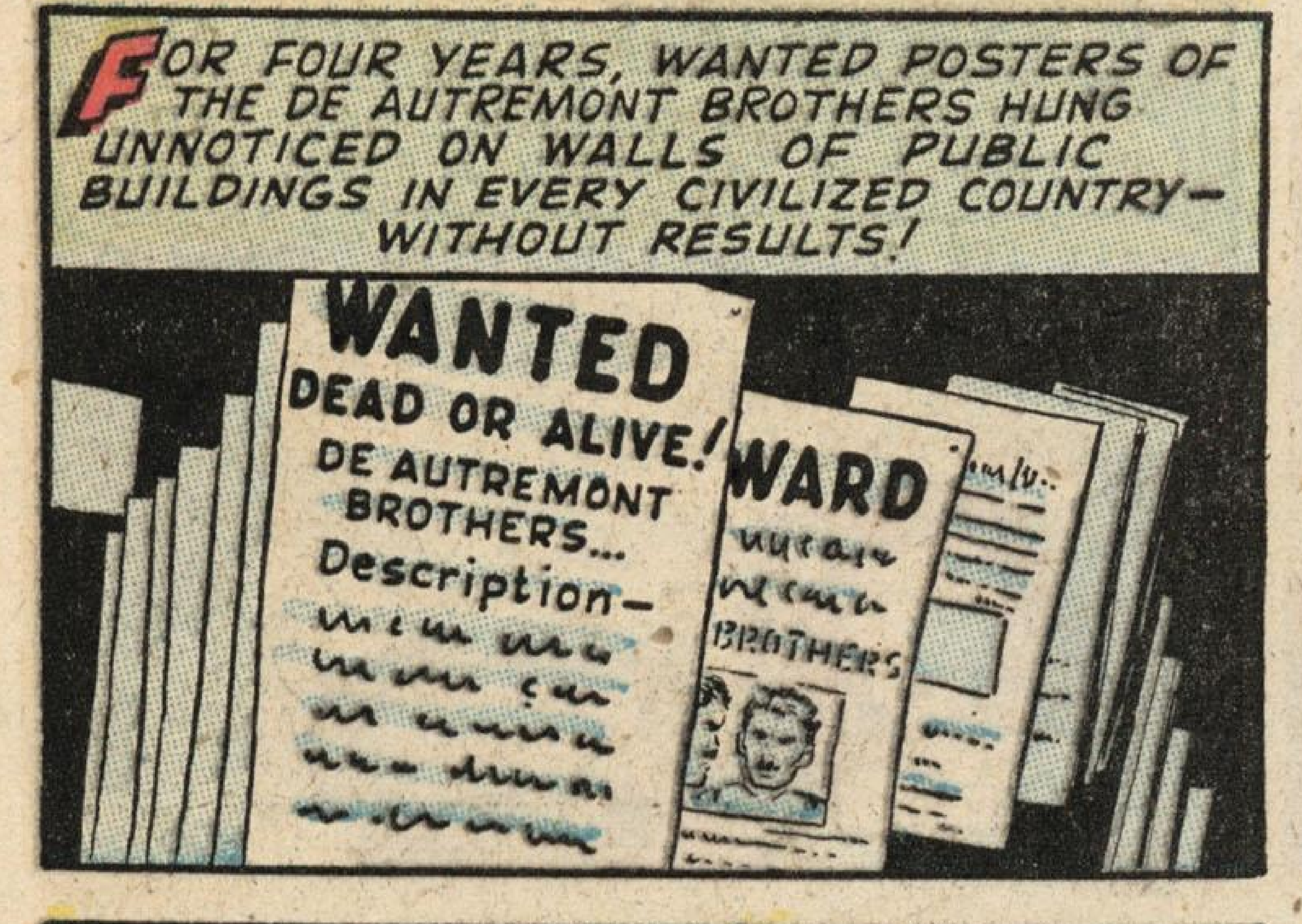

OKAY, HERO—YOU ASKED FOR IT—AND YOU'LL GET IT!
AAAAH!
COME ON! SMASH IN THE DOOR! HURRY!
LOOK! SOMEBODY'S COMING!
GOOD-BYE, BRAVE BOY!
A BRAKEMAN, WHO CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE BLAST, WAS BRUTALLY SLAIN!
FEED IT TO HIM!
OHHHH!
NO USE! WE CAN'T OPEN IT!
LET'S SCRAM! THEY'LL ALL BE DOWN ON OUR NECKS!
OKAY! BUT THERE'S ONE THING MORE!
WE DON'T WANT ANY EXTRA WITNESSES!
WHAT A NIGHT'S WORK!
YEAH! ALL FOR NOTHING!

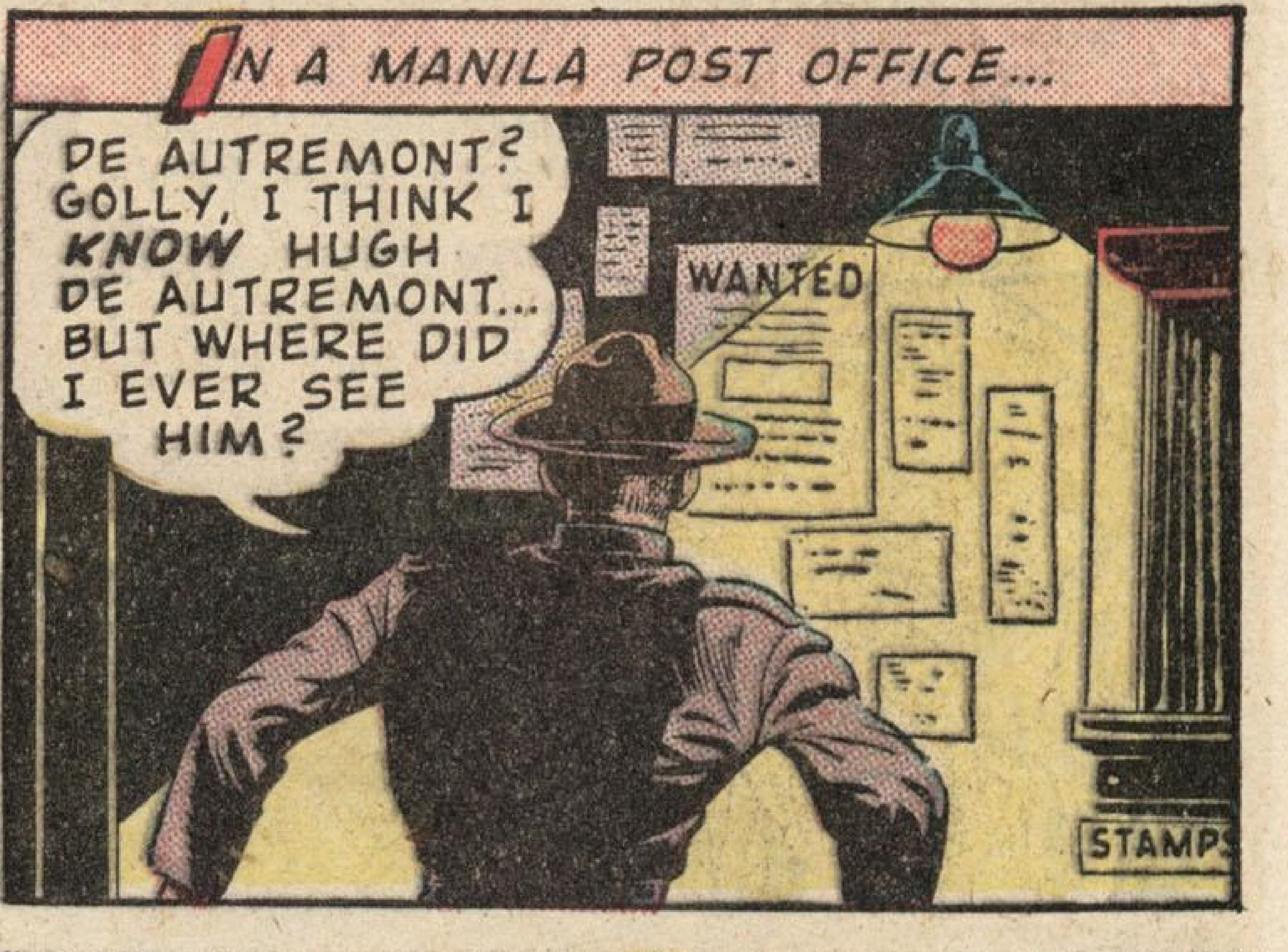

SOON...
HERE'S SOMETHING! THESE FOOTPRINTS...
YEAH...THEY LEAD RIGHT INTO THE FOREST! GOOD THING IT RAINED LAST NIGHT! WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRACK THEM ALL THE WAY!

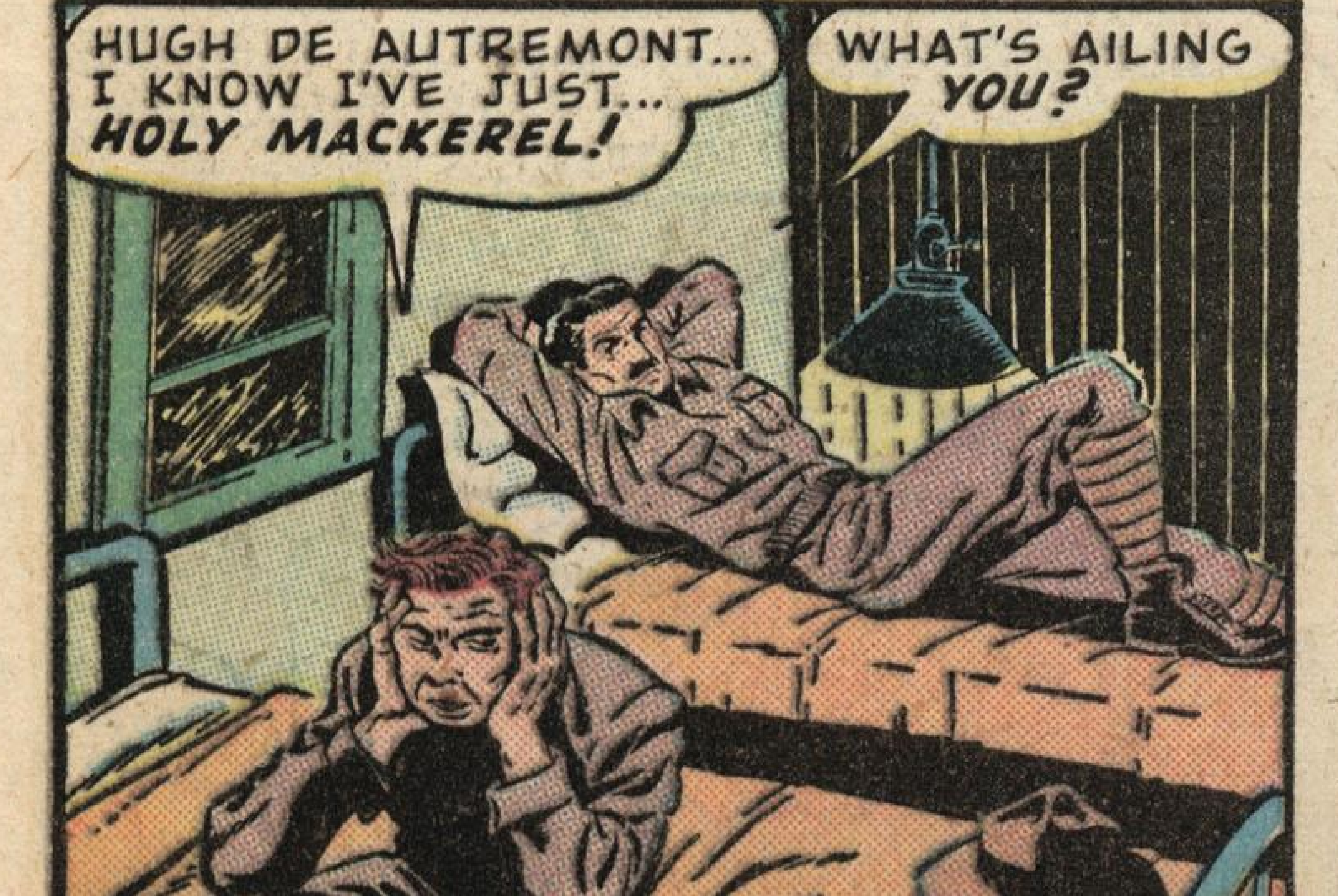

SWIFTLY, THE TRACKERS FOUND THE DE AUTREMONT HIDEOUT... BUT THE MEN WERE GONE!
THEY MUST HAVE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND! THEY ALL DO!
UH HUH... MAYBE THESE OVERALLS WILL HELP US!

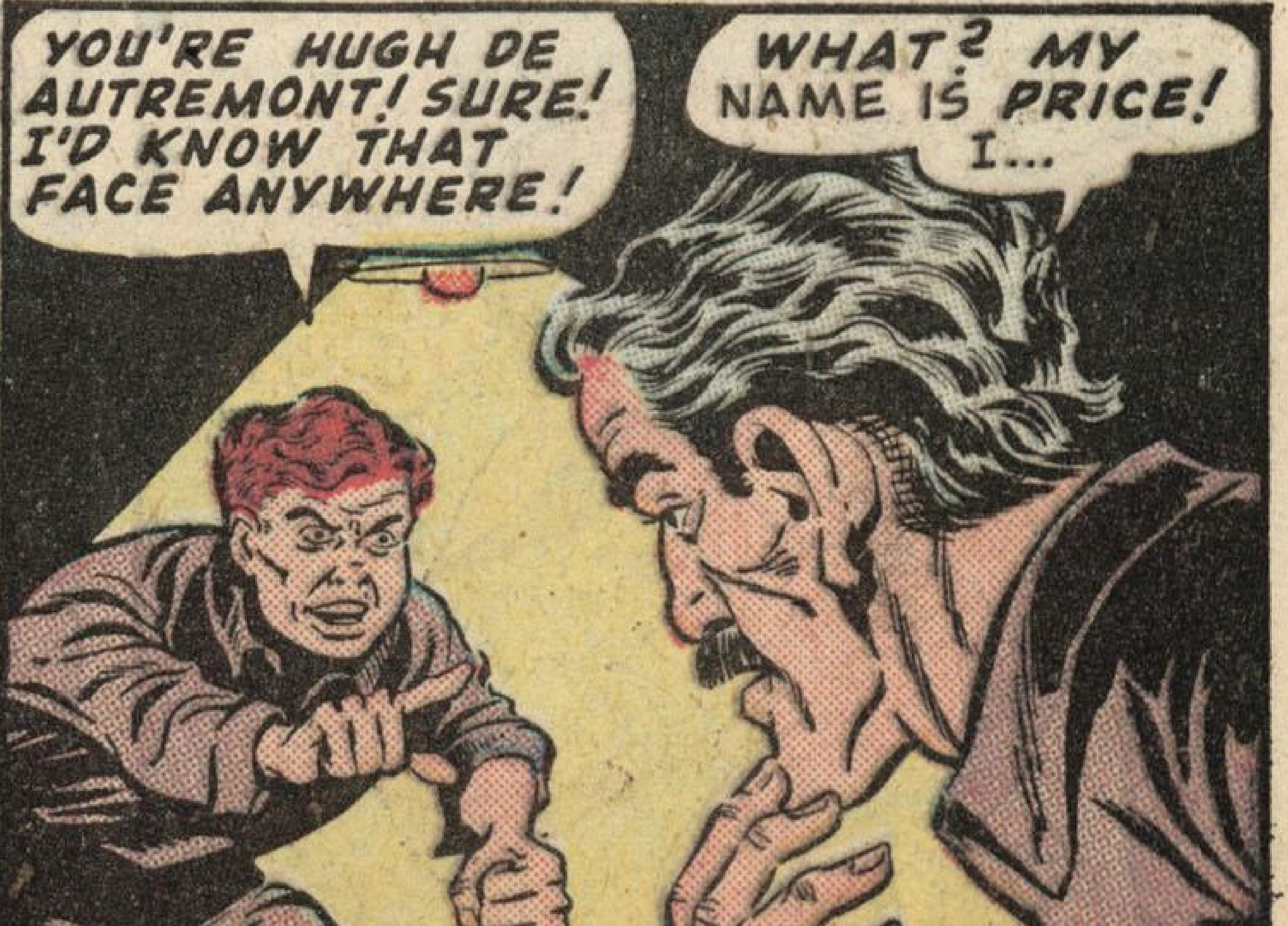

HEY! PIPE THIS! HERE'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO HUGH DE AUTREMONT!
DE AUTREMONT? THERE'S THREE BROTHERS BY THAT NAME LIVING NEAR HERE!

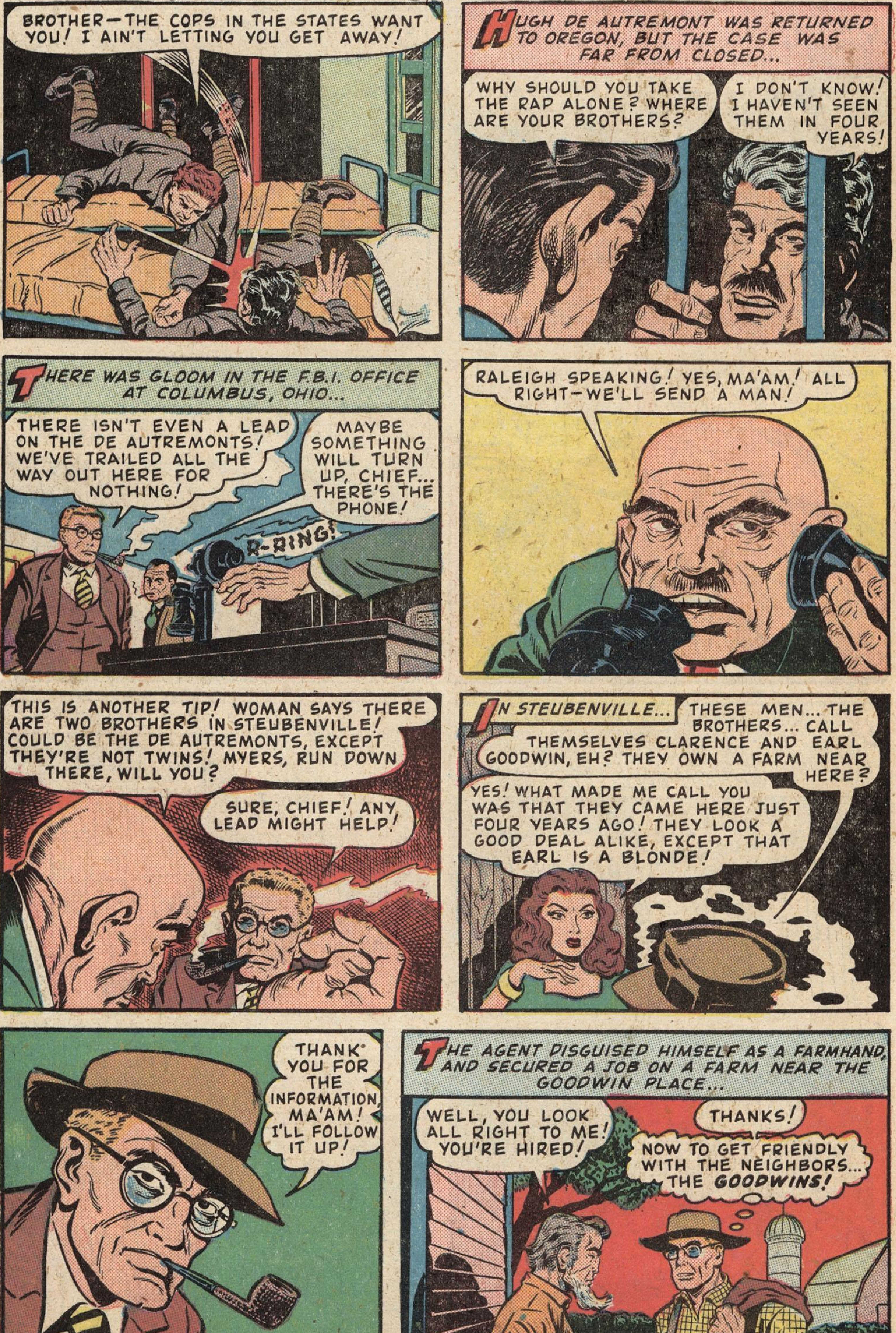

THE POLICE HURRIED TO THE DE AUTREMONT FARM... BUT THE MEN HAD DISAPPEARED!
TOO LATE!
MAYBE THE DRAGNET WILL BRING THEM IN!

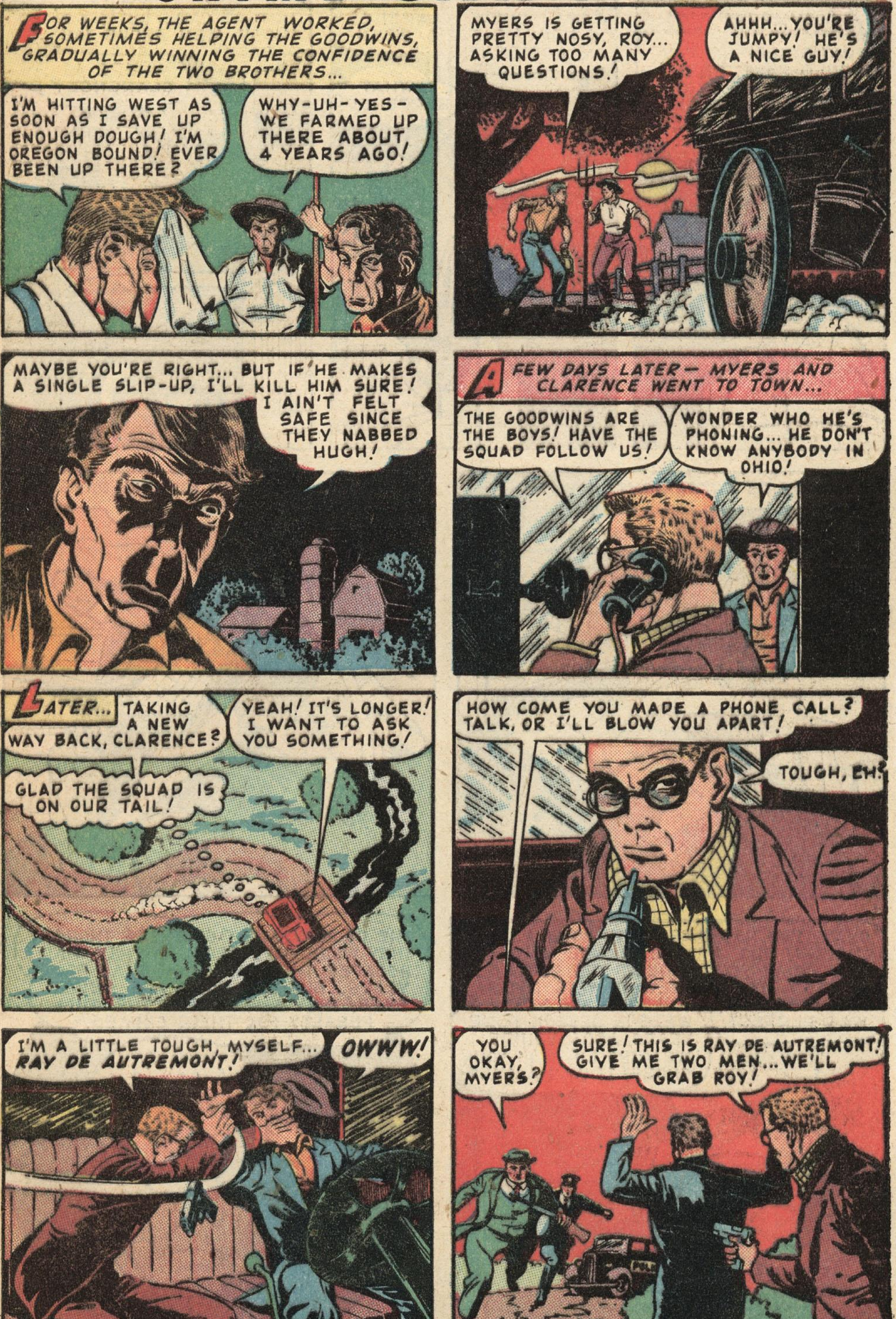

FOR FOUR YEARS, WANTED POSTERS OF THE DE AUTREMONT BROTHERS HUNG UNNOTICED ON WALLS OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY—WITHOUT RESULTS!
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE!
DE AUTREMONT BROTHERS...
Description—
WARD
BROTHERS


IN A MANILA POST OFFICE...
DE AUTREMONT? GOLLY, I THINK I KNOW HUGH DE AUTREMONT... BUT WHERE DID I EVER SEE HIM?
WANTED
STAMPS


HUGH DE AUTREMONT... I KNOW I'VE JUST... HOLY MACKEREL!
WHAT'S AILING YOU?


YOU'RE HUGH DE AUTREMONT! SURE! I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE!
WHAT? MY NAME IS PRICE! I...


BROTHER—THE COPS IN THE STATES WANT YOU! I AIN'T LETTING YOU GET AWAY!
HUGH DE AUTREMONT WAS RETURNED TO OREGON, BUT THE CASE WAS FAR FROM CLOSED...
WHY SHOULD YOU TAKE THE RAP ALONE? WHERE ARE YOUR BROTHERS?
I DON'T KNOW! I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN FOUR YEARS!
THERE WAS GLOOM IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE AT COLUMBUS, OHIO...
THERE ISN'T EVEN A LEAD ON THE DE AUTREMONTS! WE'VE TRAILED ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FOR NOTHING!
MAYBE SOMETHING WILL TURN UP, CHIEF... THERE'S THE PHONE!
R-RING!
RALEIGH SPEAKING! YES, MA'AM! ALL RIGHT—WE'LL SEND A MAN!
THIS IS ANOTHER TIP! WOMAN SAYS THERE ARE TWO BROTHERS IN STEUBENVILLE! COULD BE THE DE AUTREMONTS, EXCEPT THEY'RE NOT TWINS! MYERS, RUN DOWN THERE, WILL YOU?
SURE, CHIEF! ANY LEAD MIGHT HELP!
IN STEUBENVILLE...
THESE MEN... THE BROTHERS... CALL THEMSELVES CLARENCE AND EARL GOODWIN, EH? THEY OWN A FARM NEAR HERE?
YES! WHAT MADE ME CALL YOU WAS THAT THEY CAME HERE JUST FOUR YEARS AGO! THEY LOOK A GOOD DEAL ALIKE, EXCEPT THAT EARL IS A BLONDE!
THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION, MA'AM! I'LL FOLLOW IT UP!
THE AGENT DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A FARMHAND, AND SECURED A JOB ON A FARM NEAR THE GOODWIN PLACE...
WELL, YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT TO ME! YOU'RE HIRED!
THANKS!
NOW TO GET FRIENDLY WITH THE NEIGHBORS... THE GOODWINS!


FOR WEEKS, THE AGENT WORKED, SOMETIMES HELPING THE GOODWINS, GRADUALLY WINNING THE CONFIDENCE OF THE TWO BROTHERS...
I'M HITTING WEST AS SOON AS I SAVE UP ENOUGH DOUGH! I'M OREGON BOUND! EVER BEEN UP THERE?
WHY-UH-YES-WE FARMED UP THERE ABOUT 4 YEARS AGO!
MYERS IS GETTING PRETTY NOSY, ROY... ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS!
AHHH... YOU'RE JUMPY! HE'S A NICE GUY!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT IF HE MAKES A SINGLE SLIP-UP, I'LL KILL HIM SURE! I AIN'T FELT SAFE SINCE THEY NABBED HUGH!
A FEW DAYS LATER— MYERS AND CLARENCE WENT TO TOWN...
THE GOODWINS ARE THE BOYS! HAVE THE SQUAD FOLLOW US!
WONDER WHO HE'S PHONING... HE DON'T KNOW ANYBODY IN OHIO!
LATER...
TAKING A NEW WAY BACK, CLARENCE?
YEAH! IT'S LONGER! I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!
GLAD THE SQUAD IS ON OUR TAIL!
HOW COME YOU MADE A PHONE CALL? TALK, OR I'LL BLOW YOU APART!
TOUGH, EH?
I'M A LITTLE TOUGH, MYSELF... RAY DE AUTREMONT!
OWWW!
YOU OKAY, MYERS?
SURE! THIS IS RAY DE AUTREMONT! GIVE ME TWO MEN... WE'LL GRAB ROY!

BACK AT THE FARM...
WHAT'S KEEPING RAY? SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO... MAYBE THE COPS... NO... NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
EARL... QUICK... CLARENCE IS HURT! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
IN THAT CAR... LET'S GO! THOSE MEN DROVE ME BACK!
WHERE IS CLARENCE?
HOIST 'EM, DE AUTREMONT!
COPS!
I'LL KILL YOU... I'LL...
YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!
OKAY... I'VE HAD ENOUGH! BUT HOW COME YOU SPOTTED ME? THIS DISGUISE WAS PERFECT!
PERFECT? WHAT A LAUGH! YOUR BLONDE HAIR IS DARK AT THE ROOTS! I KNEW IT WAS DYED! YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE IN OREGON FOUR YEARS AGO! YOU'RE WEARING LIFTS IN YOUR SHOES! IT WAS A SNAP!
THE DE AUTREMONT BROTHERS THOUGHT THEY WERE SAFE BECAUSE THEY HAD ESCAPED THE LAW MORE THAN FOUR YEARS... BUT CRIMINALS ARE NEVER SAFE! THEY ALWAYS PAY THE FULL PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIMES!
THE END

BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY

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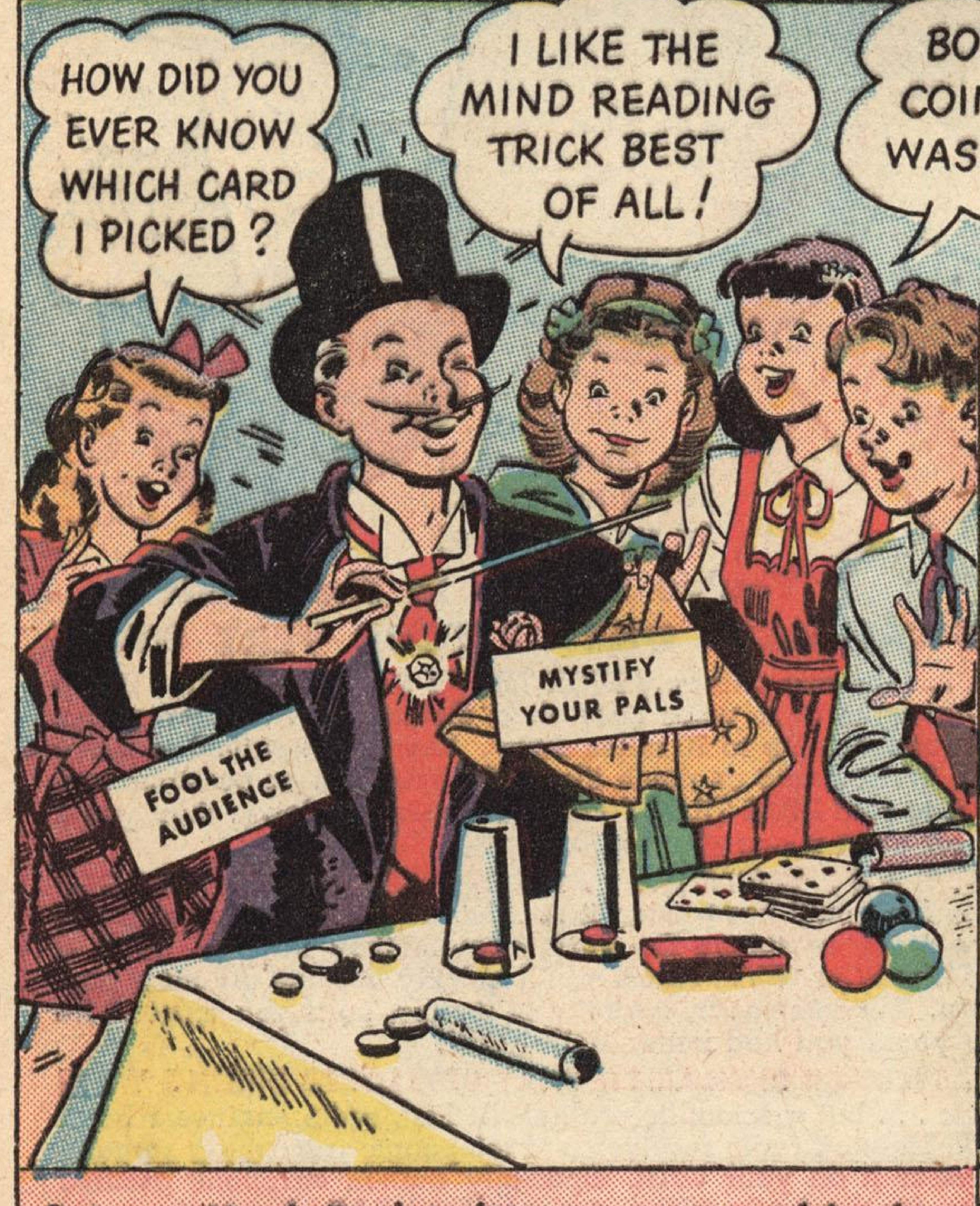
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THIS METAL WINDOW FRAME MAKES A GOOD AERIAL!
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NOW I CAN LISTEN TO RADIO PROGRAMS WITHOUT DISTURBING ANYONE!
TESS TRUEHEART ENJOYS A QUIET EVENING
OH BOY! IT WORKS TWO WAYS! RECEIVES BROADCASTS AND IS A PRIVATE TWO-WAY TRANSMITTER BETWEEN ME AND ALL MY FRIENDS WHO OWN A DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO

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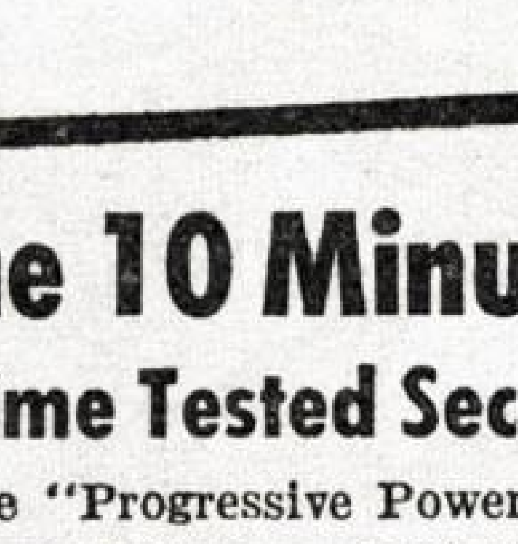

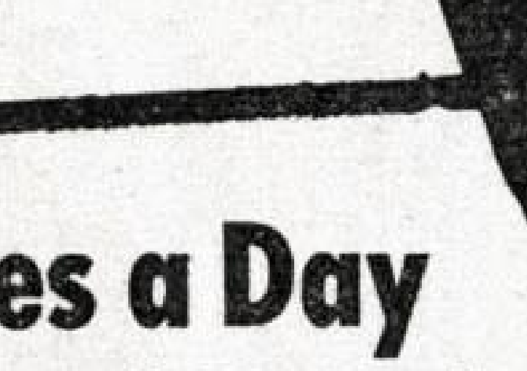

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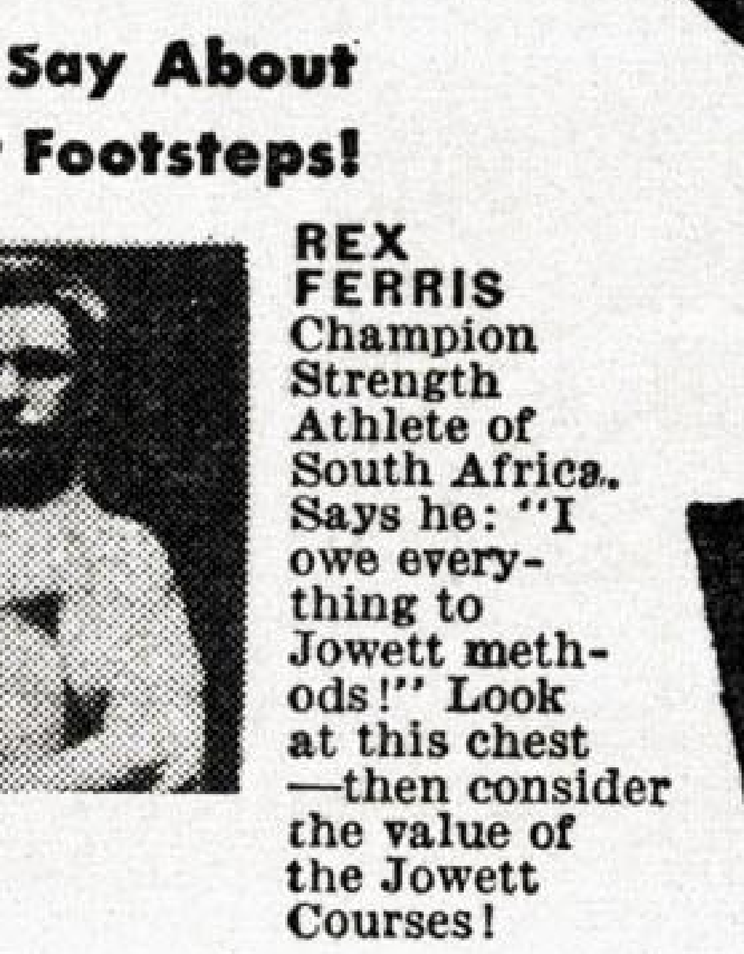
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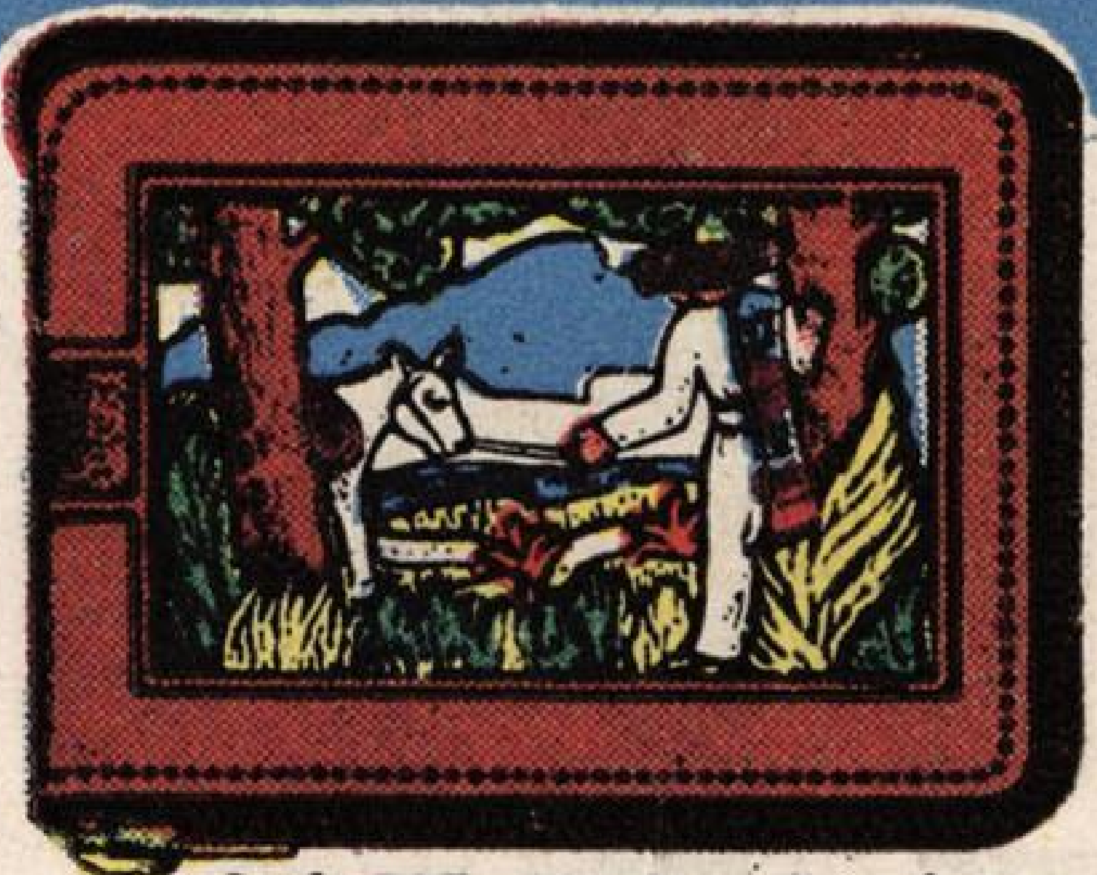
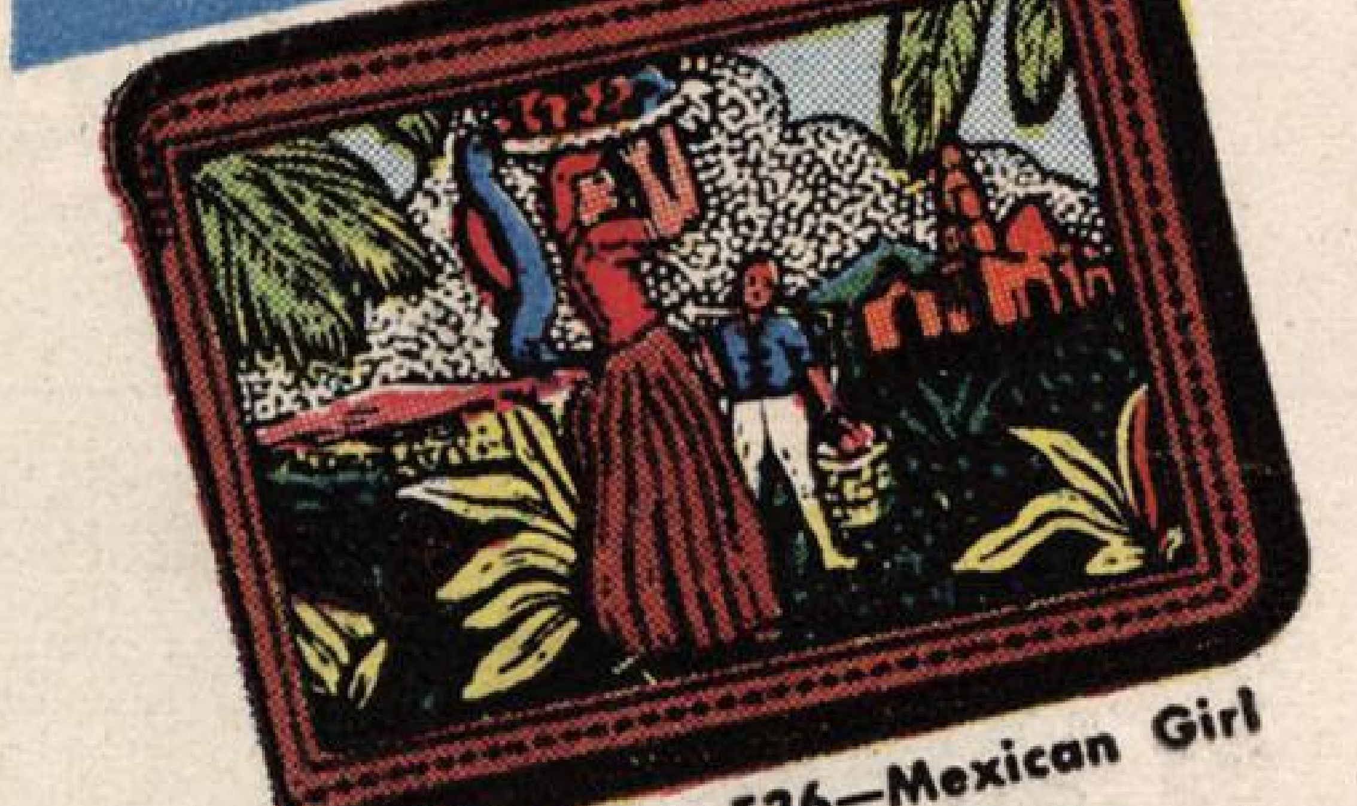


Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



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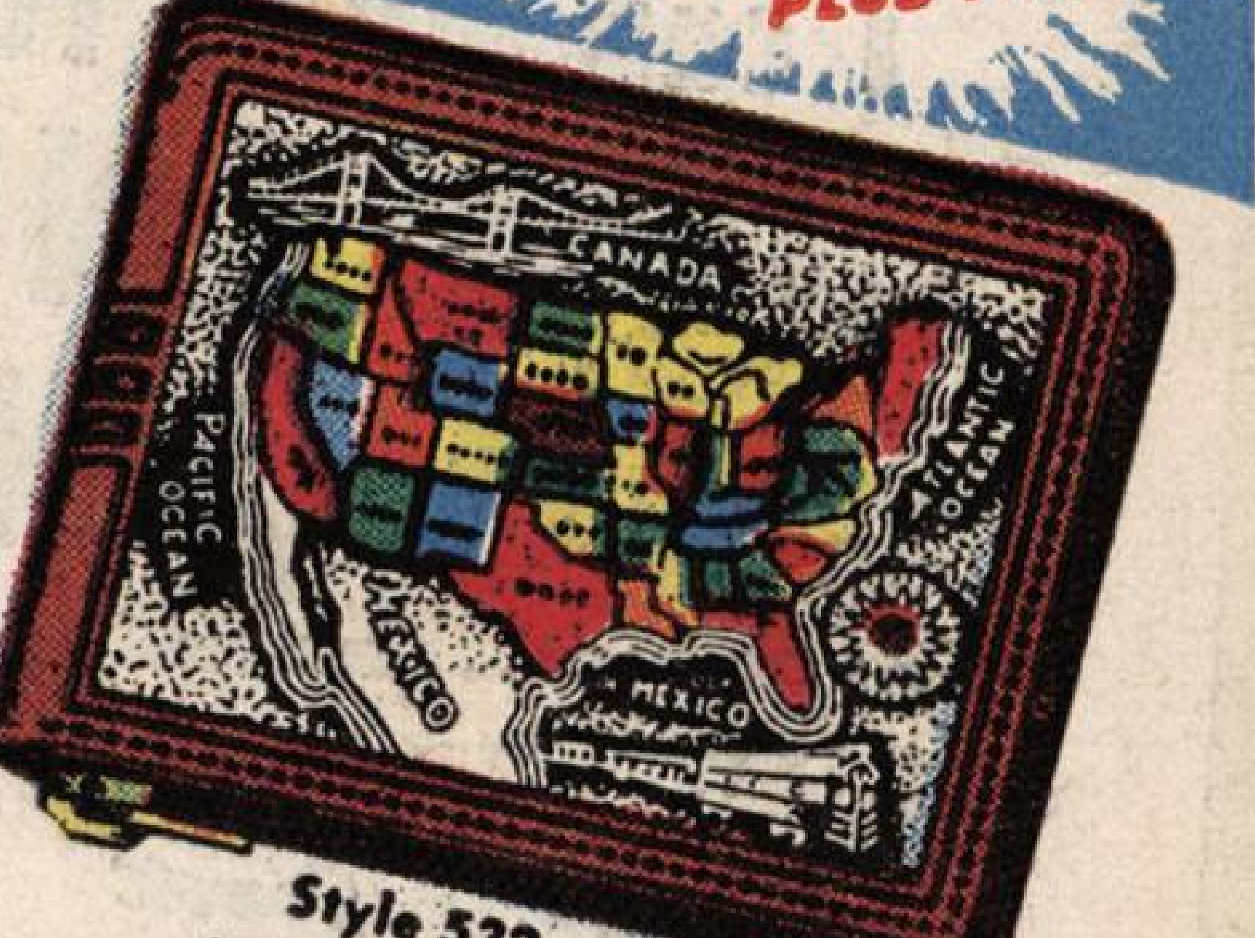
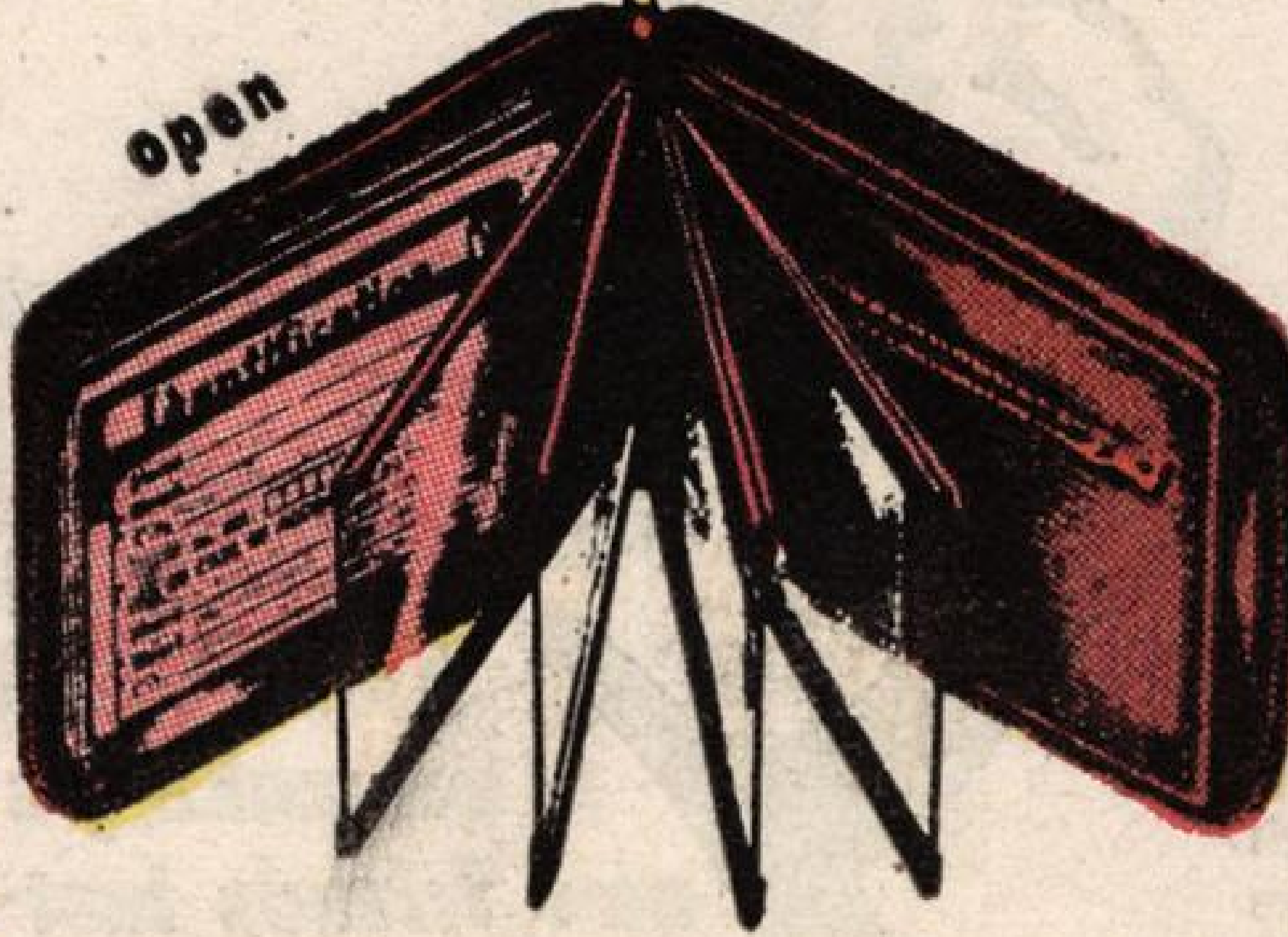
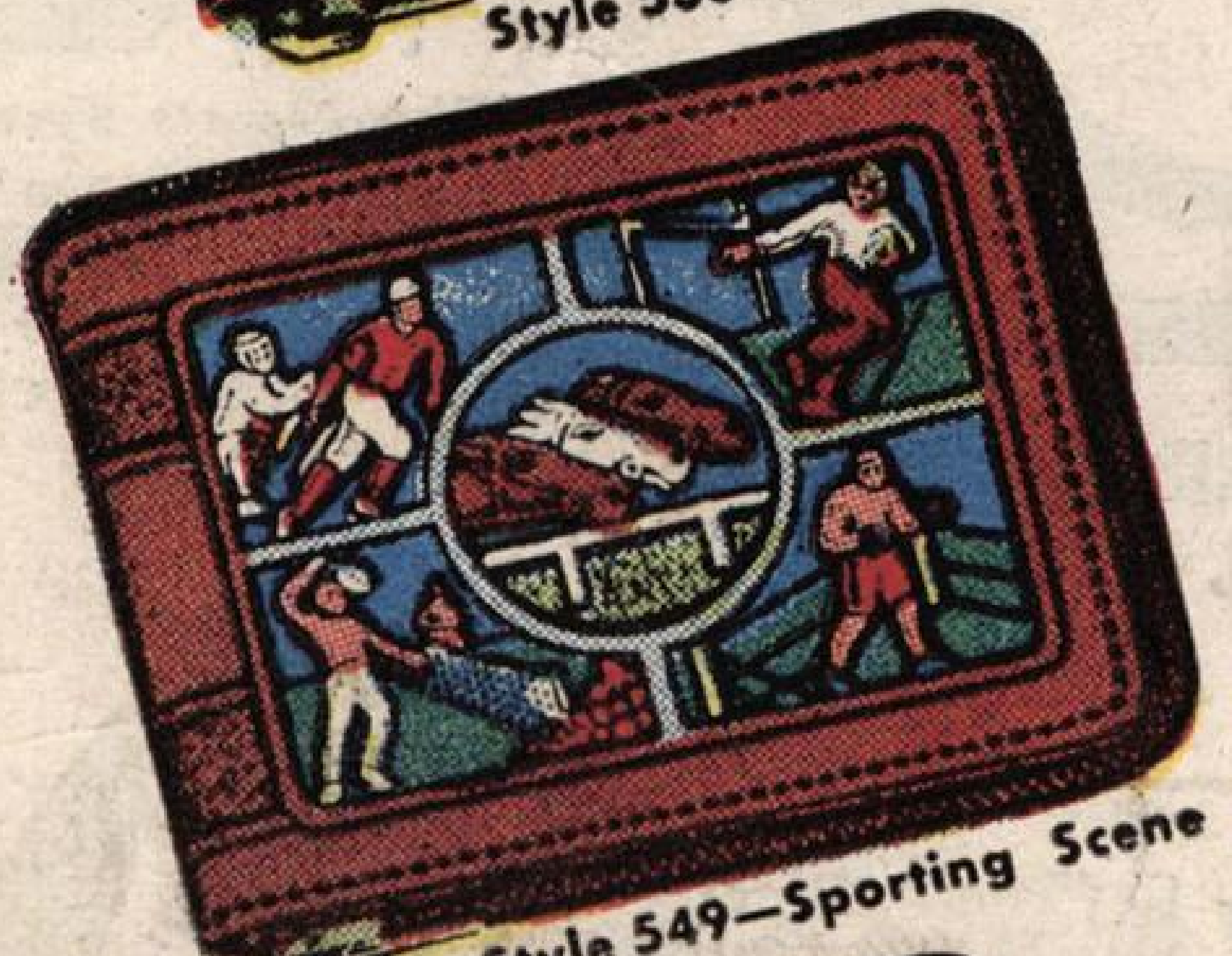
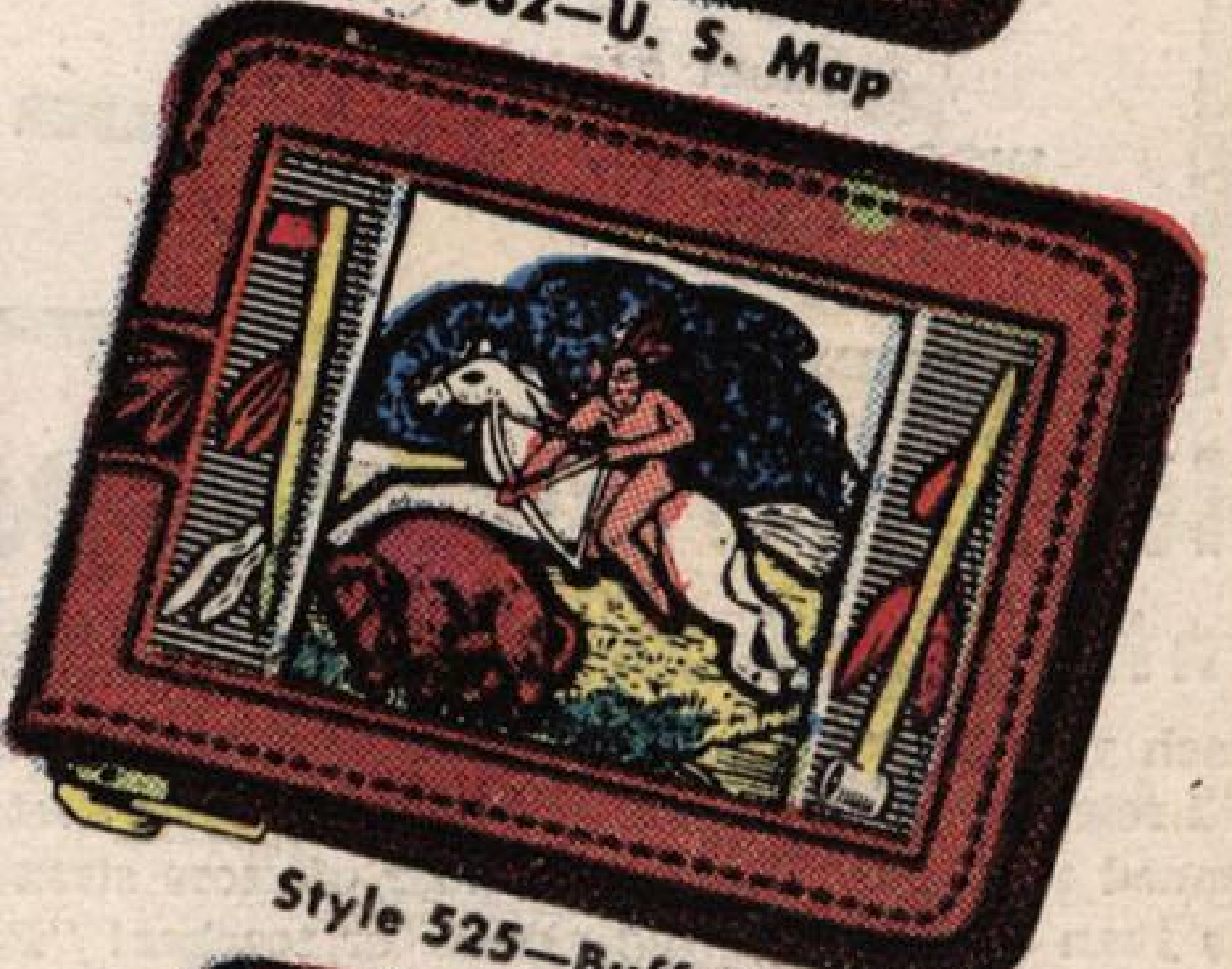


Style 532—U. S. Map





Style 549—Sporting Scene



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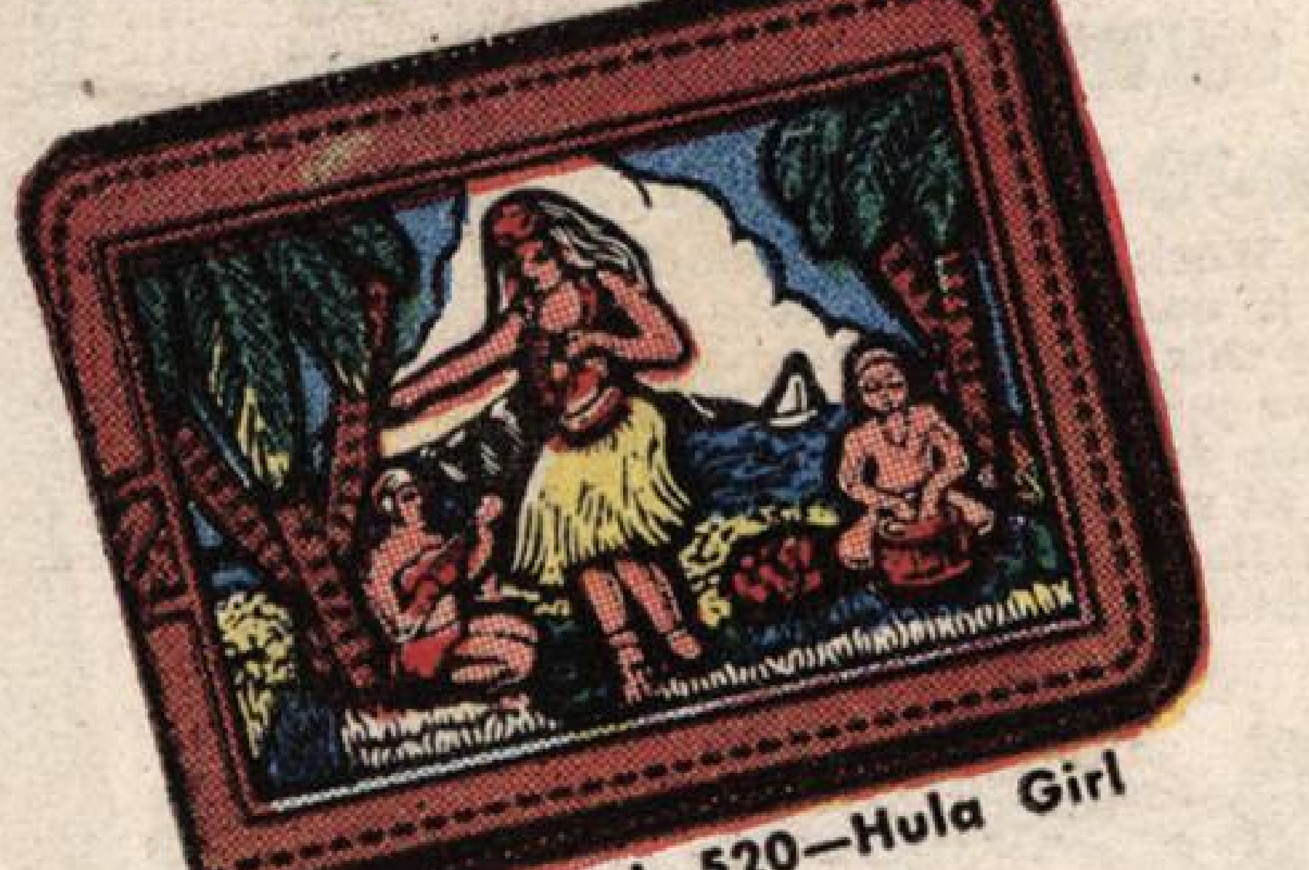
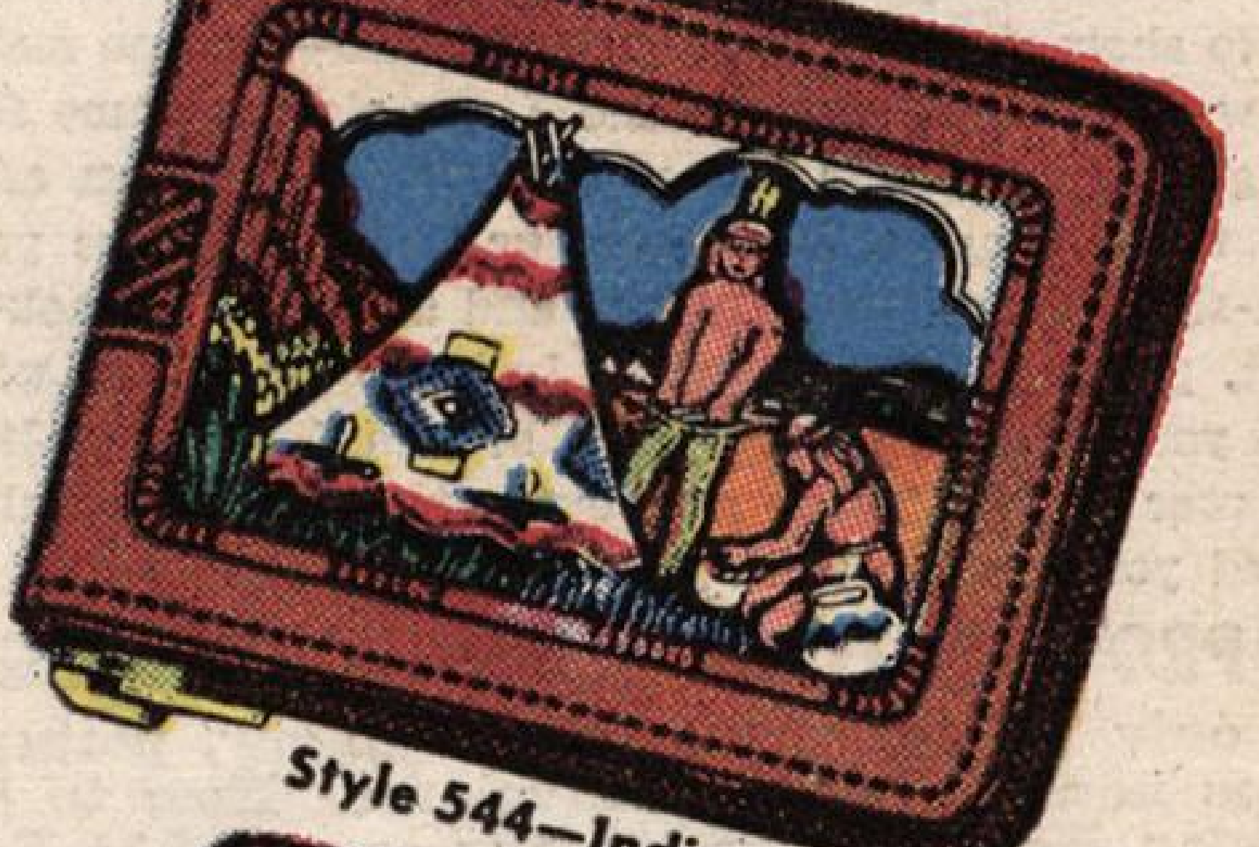
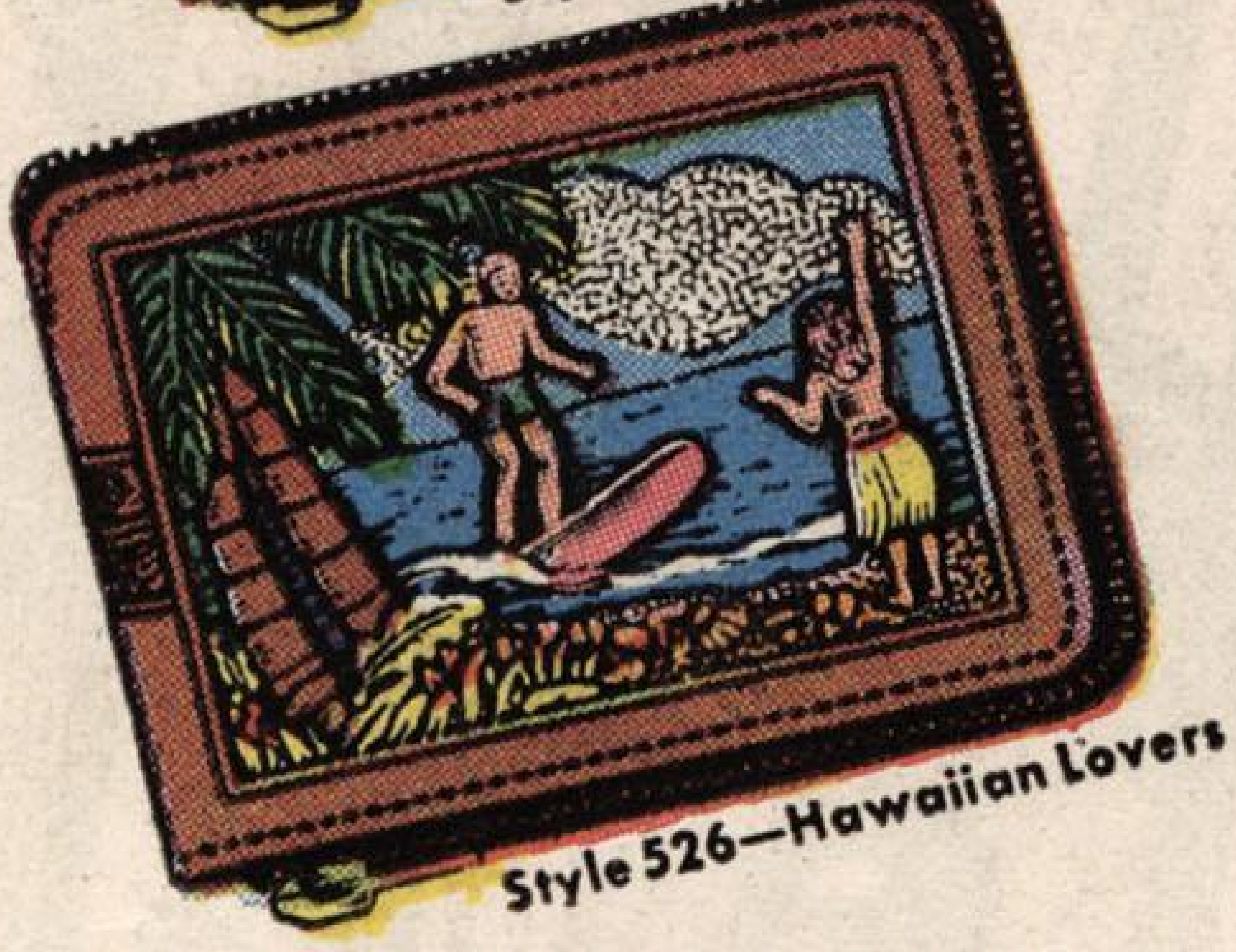


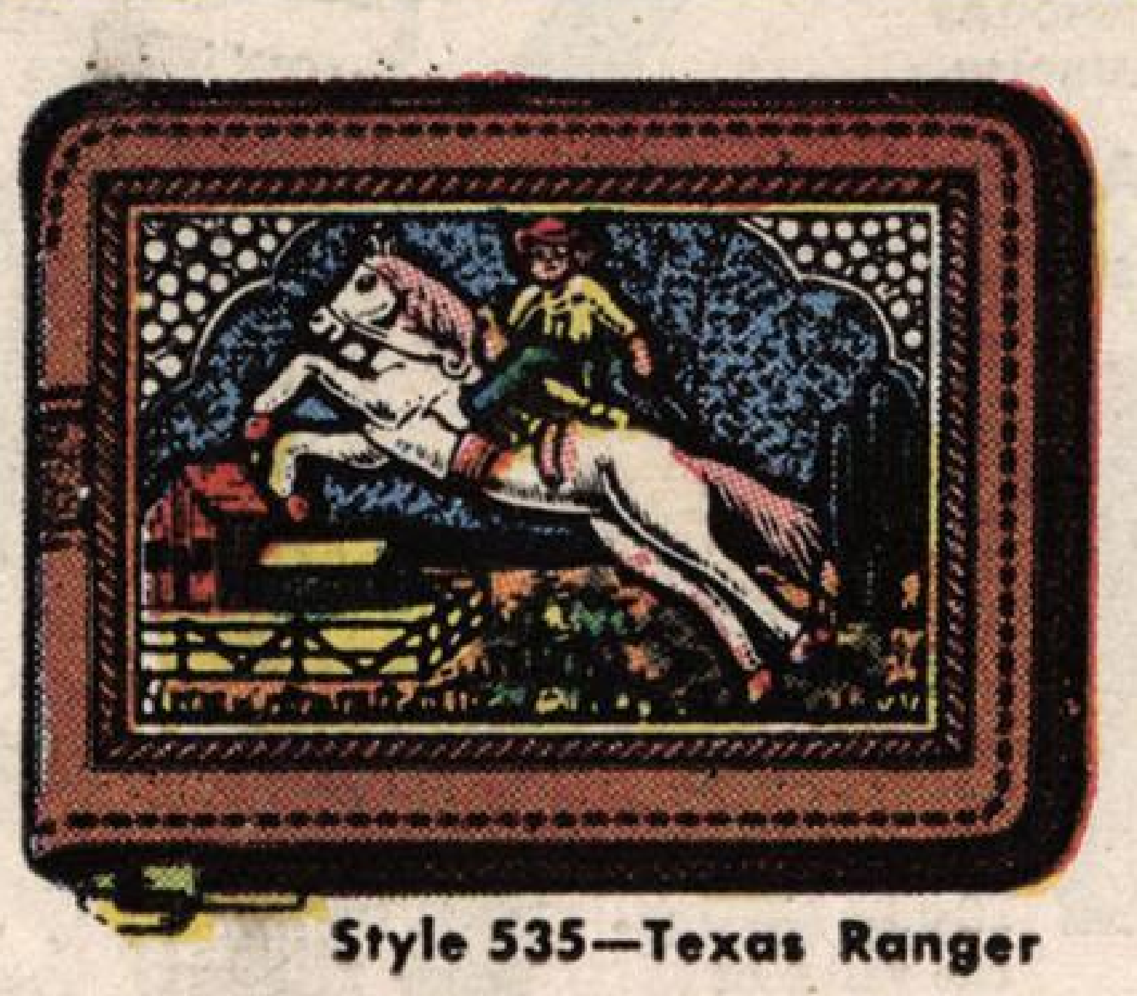
Style 520—Hula Girl



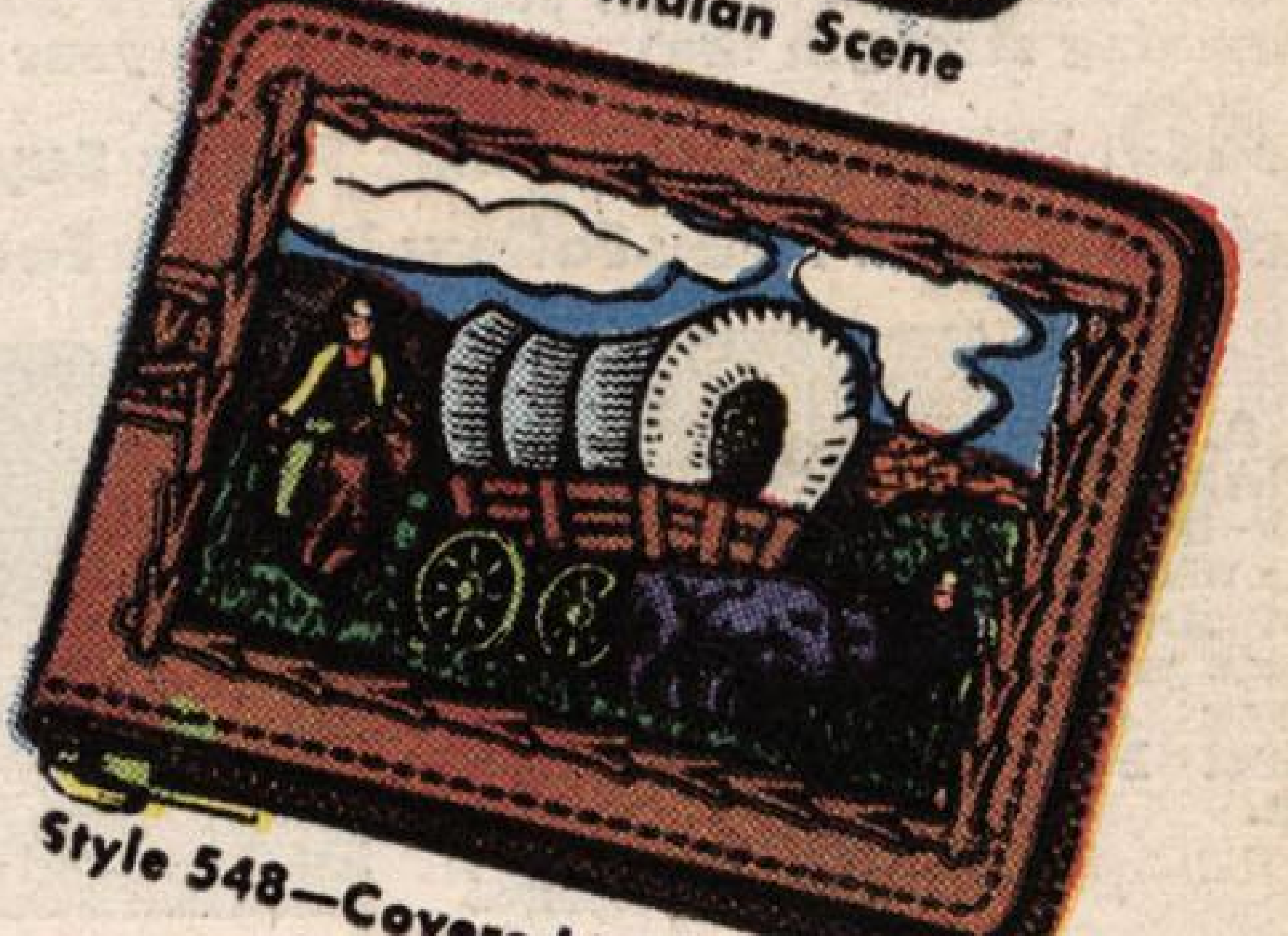
Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers

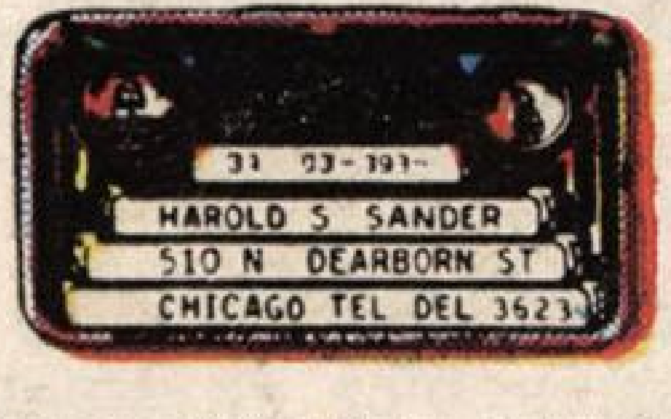


Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 548—Covered Wagon

Social Security Plate only 35c



You can have this beautiful three Color Social Security Plate with your billfold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2312-A, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS:..

(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here:..................

MY NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY.............................ZONE NO............STATE........................